BERLIN: AN OPEN CITY IS CLOSED

September 14, 1961 25¢

The Politics of Civil Defense

THE REPORTER

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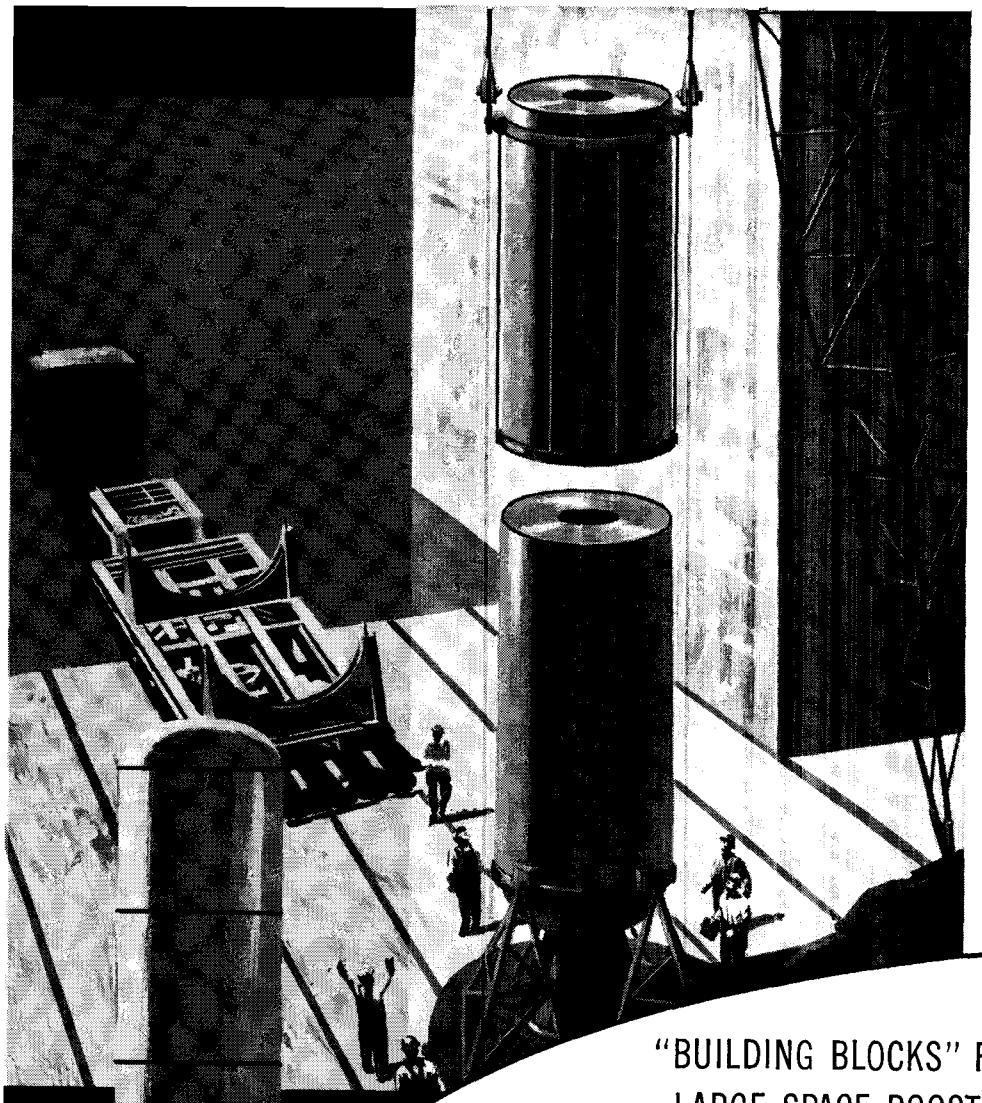

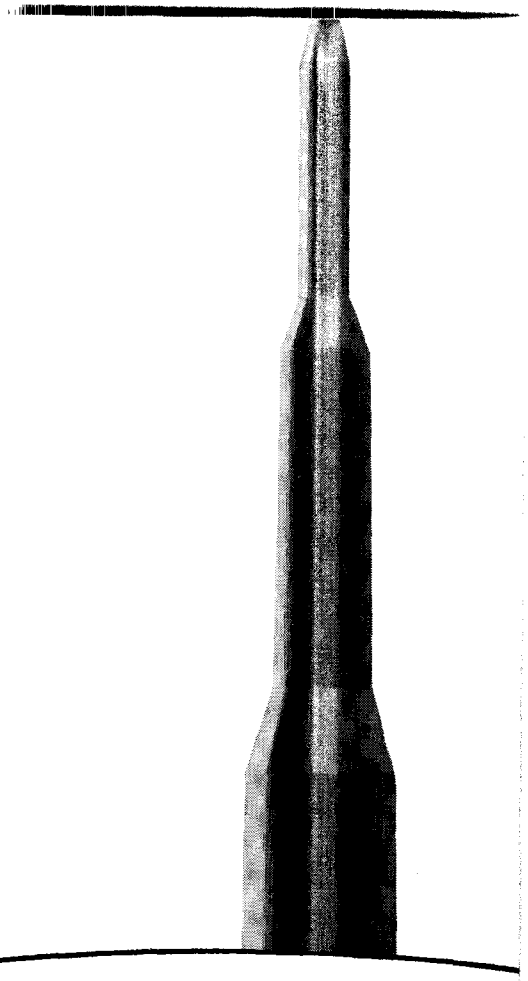

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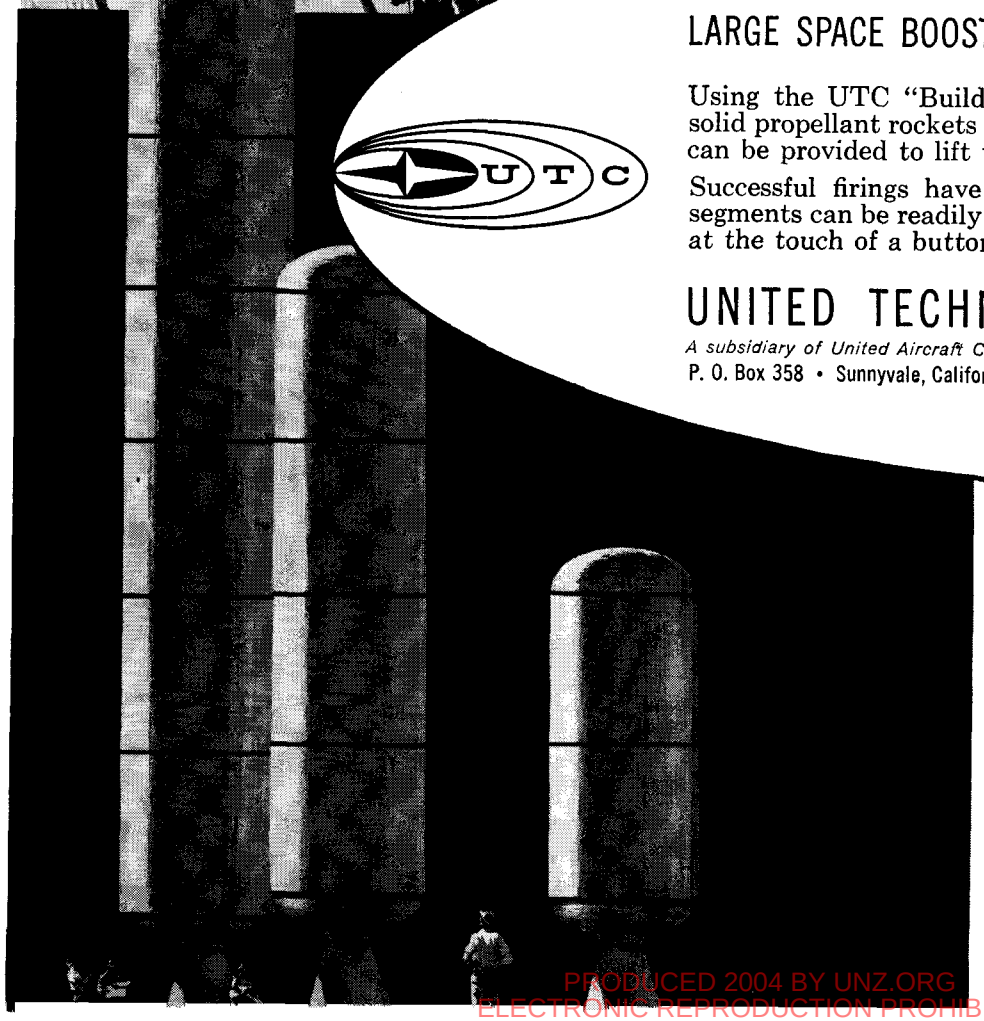

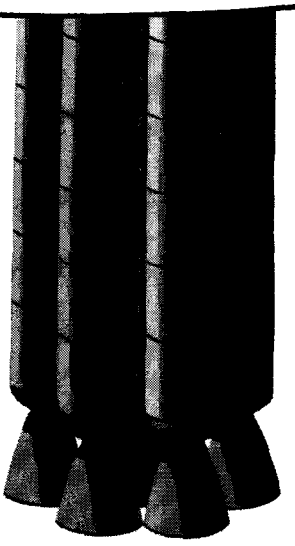

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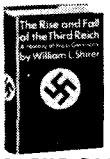

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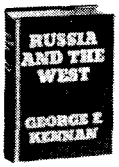

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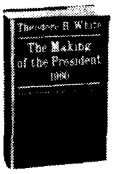

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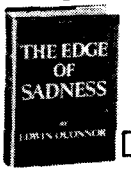

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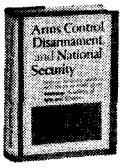

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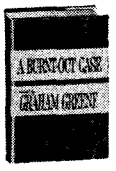

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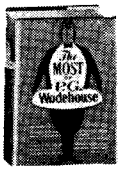

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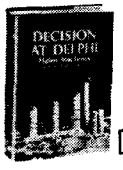

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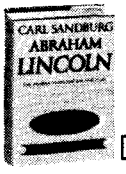

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS West Berlin had been an open city—open in the sense that the people from the East could freely move into it. There had been trouble, as we all know, espionage and counterespionage, but in a very basic sense the unity of Greater Berlin was never broken. All of this, of course, up to the early hours of Sunday, August 13. By their drastic action, it was said in the American and some European newspapers, the Communists had confessed that brute force was the only form of persuasion that could be used to stop the westward flow.

But when **Max Ascoli** was in Berlin at the end of his recent travels in Europe, he did not find any evidence of gloating over the psychological defeat that the Communists had inflicted on themselves. On the contrary, as both he and **George Bailey,** our German correspondent, report in this issue, there is a profound sense of anguish in the beleaguered western part of the city, while in the eastern sector the Communist leaders are reported to be overjoyed and dizzy with success.

On the subject of psychological warfare, we are glad to publish an essay by our French correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** whose authority on the subject has been established over a number of years. He is the author of *Strategy of Terror,* published in 1940 by Houghton Mifflin, a thorough study of the techniques Hitler followed in paving the way for his military conquests. Mr. Taylor has also been a practitioner of psychological warfare, working during the war with the Office of Strategic Services. Early in the Eisenhower administration he continued his study of the subject while serving on the Psychological Strategy Board. Several times, particularly in editorials, *The Reporter* has raised the question: if not force, then what? What are the means of nonmilitary warfare that the West, and especially the United States, can use in counteracting the Communists? Their arsenal of political and psychological weapons is truly imposing, but we are convinced that there are no reasons why we should consider ourselves inferior to our opponents in this field. Indeed, we can take the initiative from them if only we put our minds to it. Neither peace nor freedom will suffer if we make the effort.

IF THE Soviet Union has taken any steps to provide protection for its citizens in case of nuclear war it has been typically secretive about them. In the United States, however, the problem of civil defense in the nuclear age has been the subject of intensive scrutiny and prolonged debate since the end of the Second World War. **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, discusses the attitudes of the Kennedy administration, which has committed itself to an extensive review of what can be done to save civilian lives if an all-out war should ever come. . . . Britain's belated decision to apply for membership in the European Economic Community has provoked charges among the Macmillan government's opponents that this is a "shotgun wedding," a "bigamous marriage." **Gordon Brook-Shepherd,** who is with the London *Sunday Telegraph,* reports on the sentiments of the British people—in and out of government—regarding Mr. Macmillan's decision. . . . **Douglass Cater** reviews the tragically unsuccessful efforts of the Textile Workers Union to maintain its position as a bargaining agent in the South (where more than eighty per cent of the U.S. cotton textile industry is located) with reference to its unsuccessful two-and-a-half-year strike in Henderson, North Carolina. . . . **Harlan Cleveland,** whose name is certainly familiar to our readers, and who is now Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, discusses the motivations of the Soviet Union's attempt to destroy Dag Hammarskjöld and the office of Secretary-General at the United Nations.

A YEAR AGO LAST SPRING we printed a pre-publication excerpt from a book that soon after was hailed as a masterpiece both in this country and throughout Europe: Giuseppe di Lampedusa's *The Leopard.* **Luigi Barzini,** whose next book, *Portrait of Italy,* will be published in the United States by Atheneum, recently revisited Sicily in search of the genius he could not quite remember having met. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Sybille Bedford** reviews Virgilia Peterson's latest book. Miss Bedford's *The Faces of Justice* was published this summer by Simon and Schuster. . . . **Justin O'Brien** is chairman of the department of French at Columbia. . . . **Louis M. Lyons** is curator of the Nieman Foundation at Harvard. . . . **William Letwin** teaches economic history at M.I.T.

Our cover, an impression of Berlin, is by **Karl W. Stuecken.**

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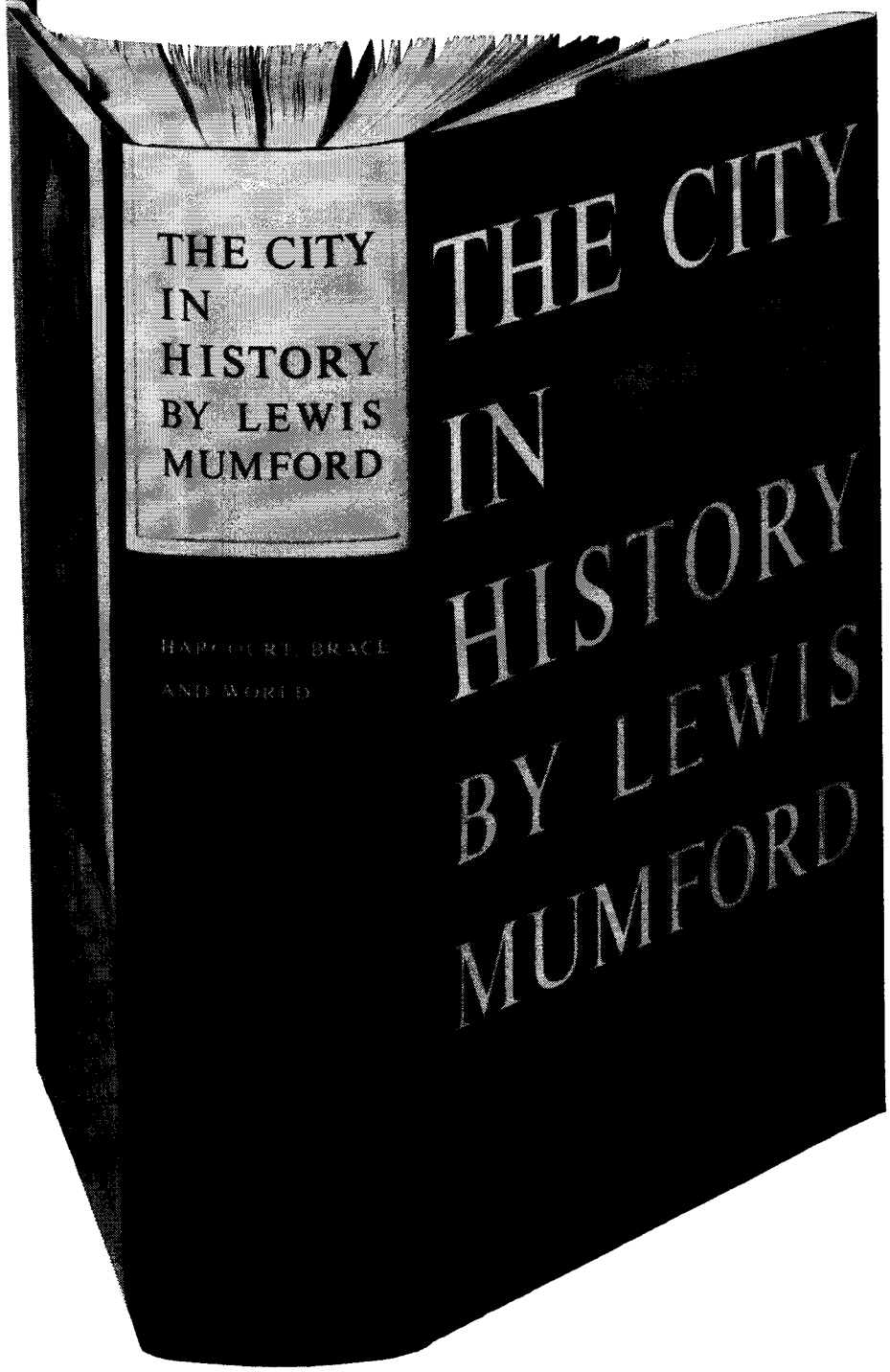

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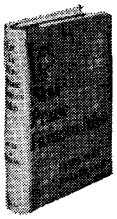

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The Joy of Music, Leonard Bernstein. Retail $5.95. Member's price $3.95.

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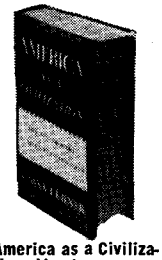
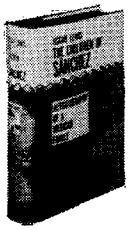
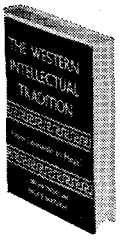


America as a Civilization, Max Lerner. Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95.



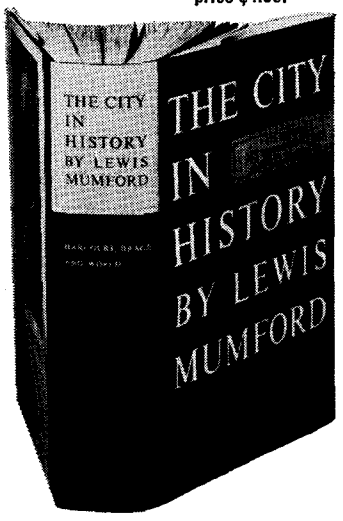
The Children of Sánchez, Oscar Lewis. Retail $7.50. Member's price $5.50.

After the Seventh Day, Ritchie Calder. Retail $6.95. Member's price $4.95.



The Western Intellectual Tradition: From Leonardo to Hegel, J. Bronowski and Bruce Mazlish. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

A History of Sexual Customs, Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. Retail $5.95. Member's price $4.50.



The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50. Member's price $6.95.

The Age of Jackson, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.50. Member's price $3.95.

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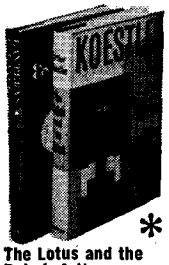
The Affluent Society, John Kenneth Galbraith. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.



The Lotus and the Robot, Arthur Koestler; *and* **Lanterns and Lances,** James Thurber. Combined retail price $7.90. Member's price (for both books) $4.95.

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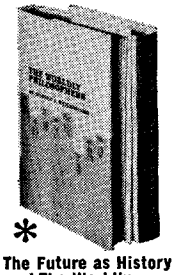

The Future as History *and* **The Worldly Philosophers: The Lives, Times, & Ideas of the Great Economic Thinkers,** both by Robert L. Heilbroner. Combined retail price $9.00. Member's price (for both books) $6.70.

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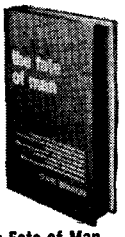
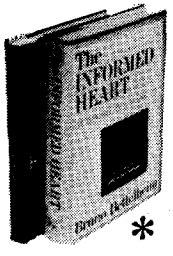


The Fate of Man, edited by Crane Brinton. Including Plato, Sophocles, Aquinas, Spencer, Nietzsche, Engels, Freud, Toynbee, Kant, Whitehead, Kluckhohn, Shapley, Rosenberg, Huxley, and others. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

The Futilitarian Society, William J. Newman. A comprehensive view and indictment of American conservatism—from William H. Chamberlain to Russell Kirk and Clinton Rossiter. Retail $6.00. Member's price $4.50.



The Informed Heart: Autonomy in a Mass Age, Bruno Bettelheim *and* **In Search of Humanity,** Alfred Cobban. Combined retail price $9.50. Member's price (for both books) $5.50.

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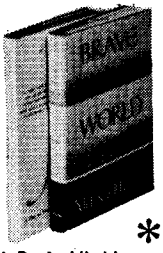

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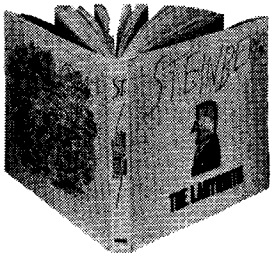
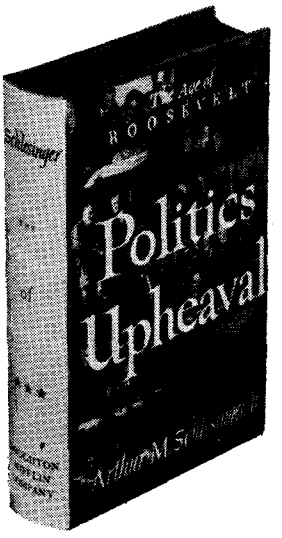


The Labyrinth, Saul Steinberg. Retail $7.50. Member's price $4.95.

The Crisis of the Old Order, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.00. Member's price $4.50.



The Coming of the New Deal, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.75. Member's price $4.75.

The Politics of Upheaval, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Retail $6.95. Member's price $4.95.

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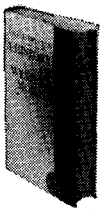

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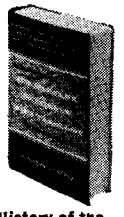
Symbolism in Religion and Literature, edited by Rollo May. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.



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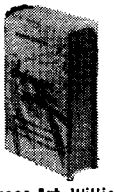

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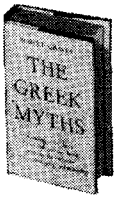

The Greek Myths, Robert Graves. One volume edition. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.75.

The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel, Nikos Kazantzakis. Retail $10.00. Member's price $5.95.

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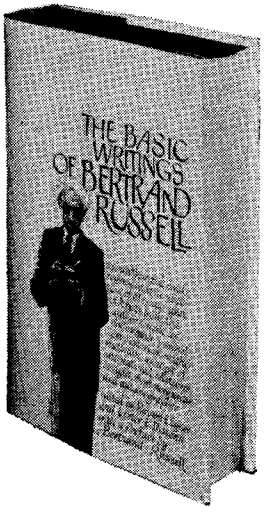

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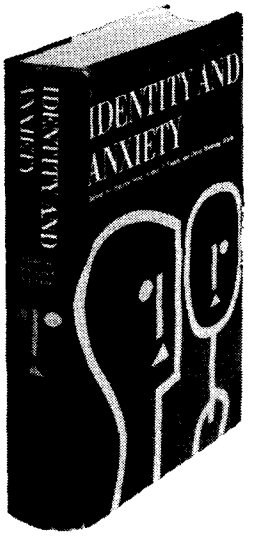

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A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards – each one based on a work of art from the Museum's own collections. This year, a Japanese goldsmith's sketch, a rubbing from a medieval church bell, five prancing deer from a patchwork quilt, a carved golden angel, a jeweled book cover from an Armenian manuscript, and a Victorian Christmas illustration are some of the sources of the nearly sixty new designs.

☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. Mail the coupon below together with 25 cents for the catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art *255 Gracie Station, New York 28*

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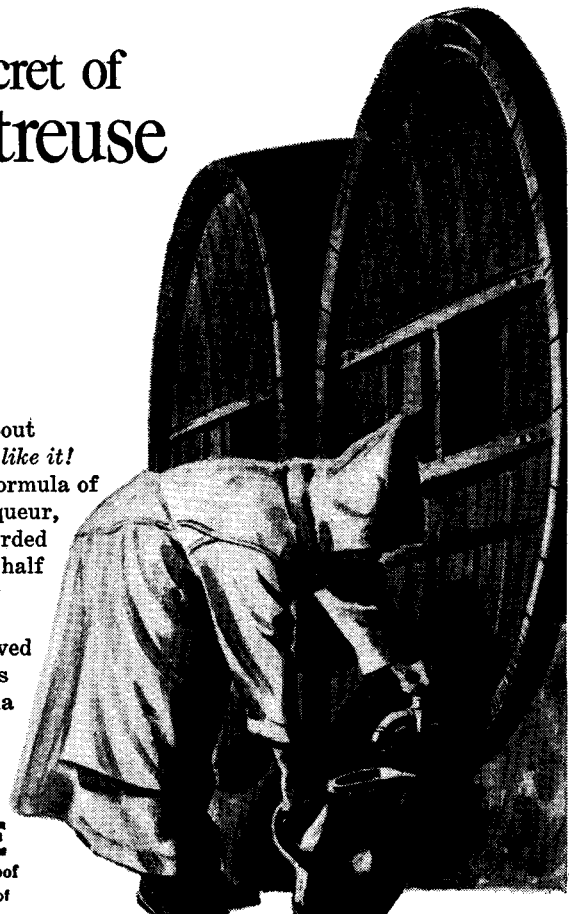

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THE HIGHEST BENCH

To the Editor: I was shocked to read in your issue of August 17, 1961, in Anthony Lewis's "A New Lineup on the Supreme Court," the following:

"As the philosophical division between the four and the five deepens, there is a tendency for each side to suspect the good faith of the other. Extremism breeds extremism."

I have been on the Court for over twenty-two years and I have never known a Justice who suspected the good faith of any associate. The issues involved are not trivia such as one finds on boys' playgrounds. There never has been a Justice who was not dedicated to the free society. It would come as a shock to any who have sat on the Court that the differences between a majority and a minority could ever be cast in terms of a personal equation. In past decades, though not at present, there have been Justices who did not admire one another. But it is inconceivable that anything petty would ever make a difference in a vote on the merits. Statements to the contrary are not worthy of serious students of constitutional history.

JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS
Supreme Court of the
United States
Washington

COMPUTING OUR FUTURE

To the Editor: David Bergamini's "Government by Computers" (*The Reporter*, August 17) was a thoroughly readable and provocative analysis buttressed by some first-class reporting. While I cannot agree with all his conclusions (e.g., that computer manufacturers are dragging their feet in addressing data-processing techniques to social problems), I was especially impressed with his final thought that ". . . men must think out quite carefully—and quite soon—what they want the machines to do and how the machines are to be fitted into the social fabric without painful rents and tears."

Incidentally, Mr. Bergamini is in error about the purpose of our executive development school at Sands Point. It is designed to teach management and not computers. We do teach computer courses to users as well as to our own employees at many locations throughout the country. These range from the introductory level at branch offices to the graduate level at our Systems Research Institute.

J. R. OPEL
Director of Communications, IBM
New York

To the Editor: Mr. David Bergamini raises a question which none of our defense or computer experts have yet, to my knowledge, even considered. He says, "The only interruption in the se-

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HERE TODAY AND MORE TOMORROW— ATOMIC ELECTRIC POWER

It happened so smoothly that many people aren't aware of it even now.

But today, in many parts of the nation, atomic electric power is cooking meals . . . heating, lighting, cooling . . . supplying power for jobs and businesses.

Investor-owned electric light and power companies are already operating 5 atomic electric plants. They are spread across the country from New England to California. Still more are to come.

These new atomic plants result from research and development programs carried on by the investor-owned electric power industry—many independent companies that plan and function on a nationwide scale. Many companies work together in operating each of the plants, so that all can learn more about the best ways of turning atomic energy into electric power.

But the investor-owned electric light and power companies realize that atomic electric power, even in today's useful stage, is by no means the ultimate answer to America's future need for electricity.

They are studying techniques for producing and distributing power even newer than today's methods. For example:

The thermoelectric generator—provides current through heated semi-conductor metals.

Magnetohydrodynamics—generates current when fiery fuel shoots through a magnet.

The fuel cell—produces electricity from low-cost fuels.

Ever higher-voltage transmission—new lines and facilities for greater capacity than even today's electric "expressways."

Each method may some day play a part in supplying the tremendous amount of additional power America will need for new homes, new jobs and new businesses.

It is only natural that the more than 300 investor-owned electric companies explore every possible source of greater electric strength for the nation. *Power is their responsibility.* Their skill and resources have made this the world's greatest electric nation. They can supply all the additional electric power Americans will call for.

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies | *Keep America Powerful*

Company names on request through this magazine

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DOROTHY PARKER

in Esquire . . . on The Memoirs of Casanova

It seems to me four or five times every day is too much. There is a picture on each cover, showing great dark circles under his eyes and gaunt cheeks. And why not, for God's sake?

MARCEL AYMÉ

beginning a story in Esquire

Beneath a moonless sky two murderers met at a crossroad. So furtively were they moving through the night that they came face to face, each without having heard the other's footsteps, and each gave a start of alarm that the other mistook for a threat . . .

GAY TALESE

in Esquire . . . on Eighth Avenue

It is hard to believe that this has-been street was rather elegant a century ago, and that horse-drawn carriages lined up outside the Havemeyer mansion on Eighth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, and that the great homes that stood on Eighth Avenue had spacious lawns, gardens and orchards that expanded westward to the Hudson River.

SYBILLE BEDFORD

in Esquire . . . on Lady Chatterley's trial

The world now knows that verdict, but for us, who waited on that day, it was a long three hours before we heard—still incredulous in relief—those words: Not Guilty. A ripple of applause broke out, stentoriously suppressed; there was no other comment. It is customary for the Judge to express thanks to the Jury; Mr. Justice Byrne did not do so, and the words were spoken by the Clerk.

RESEARCH INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

in Esquire . . . on the average deductions people earning $10,000-$15,000 can take without waving a red flag in front of the tax examiners

$413 for contributions, $588 for interest, $605 for taxes, $485 for medical.

JAMES MATHESON

in Esquire . . . on motherhood

We all love children, so it's sad but true
You bear them, then they can't bear you.

JOHN CROSBY

in The New York Herald Tribune . . . on Esquire

The nice thing about Esquire is its insistence on a certain kind of world and its assumption that we're all a part of that world. It has tone, this magazine . . . It's writing heady, challenging, irritating, alive journalism.

Not since the halycon days of **Vanity Fair** has any magazine become such a repository for what is controversial, compelling and colorful. Even rival publications doff their hats to today's new Esquire: **The Nation** calls it "the best-edited mass magazine being published in the United States." If you haven't taken a look at Esquire recently, the coupon below offers you an economical way to sample its new features and fiction, delight in its striking new artists and photographers, take pleasure in its many typographic and layout innovations. Mail the coupon today, and your subscription will include without extra cost Esquire's famed $1-a-copy year-end annual—a Jubilee Edition put together with such Medici splendor that previous issues have become collector's items. Charge your subscription if you like. .

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quence [of the computer] . . . would be a token one of a few minutes for the President of the United States to exercise freedom of will and say 'fire.'"

I would be most interested to know whether the President of the United States has any such right. If he does, it is clearly unconstitutional, as only the Congress of the United States has the right to declare war; and what is more plainly a declaration of war than the order to "fire"? It seems clear that the age of the computer raises very serious doubts about Constitutional law and interpretation.

No doubt medical diagnosis and library-book returns and the sprawling Internal Revenue Service will profit by the introduction of computers. But will these same computers decide the fate of the United States?

LEWIS C. TAISHOFF
The Bronx, New York

L'AFFAIRE NEWBURGH

To the Editor: I feel that Meg Greenfield has done an outstanding job in reporting the true facts relating to Newburgh's welfare controversy ("The 'Welfare Chiselers' of Newburgh, N.Y.," *The Reporter,* August 17). I also feel that as a result of Miss Greenfield's presentation many people will see the fallacy of Mr. Mitchell's infamous thirteen points.

WILLIAM D. RYAN, Mayor
Newburgh, New York

To the Editor: Miss Greenfield seems to have fallen into a common error in singling out City Manager Mitchell for censure, although she has also included Councilman McKneally. As I wrote recently:

"I think one thing has been somewhat clouded in this matter. Mr. Mitchell has been made the hero by some, the whipping boy by others. Of course he is neither. He serves at the pleasure of the City Council, who in turn serve at the pleasure of the voters of the City of Newburgh."

Perhaps the article is distinctive in that Miss Greenfield has not only two whipping boys, but she seems to have found a hero in Mayor Ryan.

KATHARINE ST. GEORGE
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: Miss Greenfield's masterful marshaling of the essential facts ought to do much to deflate the furor stimulated by distortions of those facts, and should put the whole situation in true perspective.

We believe *The Reporter* has done an important public service by this painstaking job of getting at the truth of the matter.

RAYMOND W. HOUSTON, Commissioner
Department of Social Welfare
Albany, New York

To the Editor: Miss Greenfield has obviously done a very thorough job, and

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Some Peculiarities—

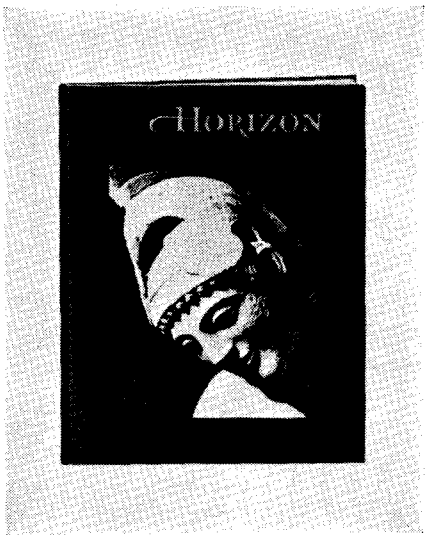
HORIZON is peculiar among magazines in several ways. It comes in gold-embossed, hard covers, and resembles the costliest of illustrated books. It carries no advertising at all. Its articles and pictures tend to be *un*timely. Each issue adds to a permanently valuable collection of arts and ideas.

So if this word about HORIZON stirs your curiosity—see if now isn't a good time to try it. (We have not advertised the magazine for eight months, aren't doing it widely now, won't again for some time. And the offer here is both temporary and the best we have.)

of Aims, and Art,

HORIZON explores the whole of culture, past and present. It is, first, a magazine of the arts—*all* the arts: fine, liberal, literary and lively. Take the current (September) issue:

It ranges in time and place from the neglected 12th-century sculpture of Gislebertus to the TV antics of Carol Burnett; from architect Kenzo Tange of Hiroshima to painter Andrew Wyeth of Chadds Ford, Pa.



It deals with master pianist Rudolf Serkin; with Beat vs. academic schools of poetry; with Blenheim Palace and some lesser memorials—including Edward Sorel's devastating caricatures of Jack Paar, Senator Goldwater, and other notables.

Each HORIZON contains fifteen or more articles and features, all edited for the intelligent general reader, not the specialist. (Typical contributors: Garrett Mattingly, Santha Rama Rau, James Michener, Arnold Toynbee, Walter Kerr, M. I. Finley, Harold Nicolson, Freya Stark.)

and Illustration, and Ideas.

Fine pictures abound. Nearly every page (at least 128 per issue) is enriched with paintings or photographs, art objects, cartoons or archeological finds . . . all superbly reproduced, many in full color. (Three printing methods are employed.)

Since culture embraces the world of ideas, HORIZON is also interested in religion and philosophy, manners and mores. In September, Douglass Cater draws a cultural profile of the Kennedy adminstration; Jean-Louis Barrault talks of the impact of Shakespeare on the French; and there is an evocative history of 3,000 years of Sicilian civilization (with 27 illustrations). For HORIZON is, in sum, a continuing report on the culture of our time, and a bridge to the civilizations of the past.

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any objective reading of her article would make anyone—with the possible exception of Senator Barry Goldwater—realize that even the public press (or, perhaps I should say *mainly* the public press) has given the American people a distorted impression. Miss Greenfield and you have done a fine service in setting forth an accurate picture.

JAMES ROOSEVELT
House of Representatives
Washington

MASSIVE DETERGENCE

To the Editor: I found Marya Mannes on daytime television (*The Reporter,* July 6) an extraordinarily witty and perceptive article, with which I agree wholeheartedly.

As for the specific damage done to those who work on soaps, my answer would have to be somewhat qualified. There is some enormously able talent almost exclusively employed in these daytime serials. I think that practically without exception they are murderous for the actors and actresses over forty. Very few of them ever come out.

For the younger people—directors and actors alike—many have used soaps for stepping stone to other jobs.

WORTHINGTON MINER
New York

To the Editor: It is always pleasant reading Miss Mannes. Her sparing and lean prose is excellent, and her points are always well taken.

PADDY CHAYEFSKY
New York

CRIME AND THE FBI

To the Editor: Daniel P. Moynihan suggests in "The Private Government of Crime" (*The Reporter,* July 6) that the FBI and, in general, state police forces have remained uncorrupted because they have avoided responsibility in the area of organized crime. Surely this is a relative matter. The Apalachin "crime convention" was discovered by a New York state trooper and the FBI was much involved in the subsequent prosecution.

JOHN STALLARD
Dallas, Texas

Mr. Moynihan replies:

My reference, which perhaps was not sufficiently clear, was only to the question of extending jurisdiction. In those areas where the existing jurisdiction of the FBI has impinged on the activities of organized crime, it has carried out its duties with characteristic vigor and effectiveness—as have many state police organizations. However, in both cases the jurisdiction is extremely limited. The point about Apalachin is that the state police did not have the slightest idea what the conferees were up to—if anything. Of course, an important additional factor in maintaining integrity is the high quality of the officers the FBI and the state police have generally been able to recruit.

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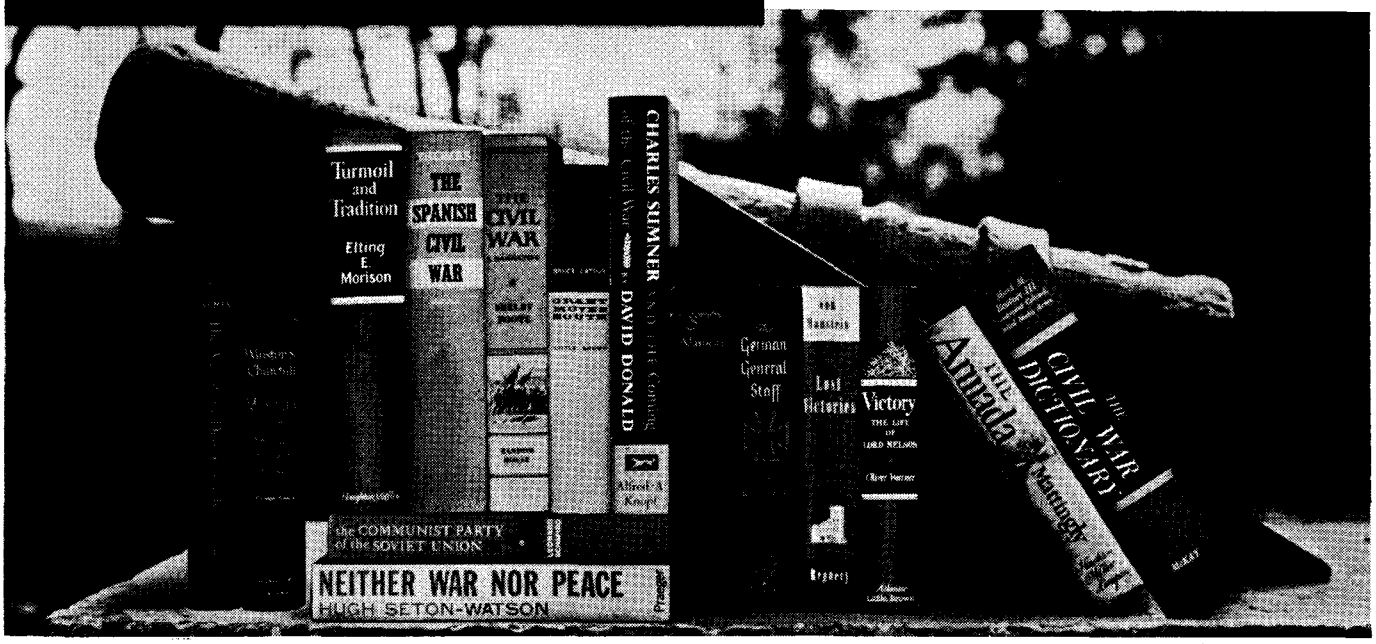

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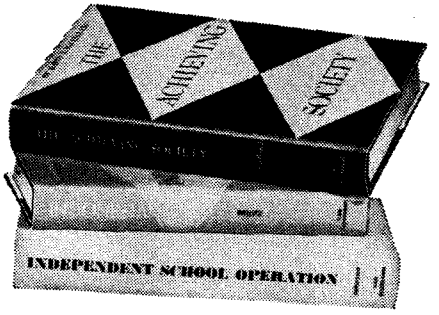

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

HOPE for Us All

"Personally, I favor the status quo," Atlanta's Police Chief Herbert Jenkins told his force a year ago. "I am sure that you do. But the United States Supreme Court has held that the status quo is illegal. I am prepared to yield to the judgment of the Supreme Court. Why? As law-enforcement officers, there is no other position we can honestly take."

For two and a half years Chief Jenkins had been preparing for the day at the end of last month when Atlanta's white high schools admitted the first nine Negroes. He sent his officers to observe racial disturbance in other cities. He had maps made of the troubled areas. He had converted an armored car into a riot wagon. He had staged a full dress rehearsal the day before schools opened, and when a rabble of racists entered town, he had a list of their names published immediately. With the help of Atlanta's press and radio, it was made clear that Atlanta was fully prepared to see the back of massive resistance broken with peace and dignity. Only five arrests were necessary, a yahoo of youths, who after appearing on a televised police line-up, were given thirty- and sixty-day sentences. There was one irate father who threatened to whip his daughter for disobeying him by going to her newly integrated school. Beyond that, there was no trouble.

The TV news that evening showed only such scenes as a single car driving down a silent street, stopping in front of a school shortly after it had opened, and two Negro children walking up to the open doors, beyond which in the dim light could be seen a quiet figure standing with folded arms.

Astonishing events, such as the peaceful integration of four schools in this capital that is in the heart of the Deep South, tend to be taken for granted the day after they happen.

Yet the problem Atlanta faced was not a small one. In just two and a half years, citizens' committees such as HOPE (Help Our Public Education) and OASIS (Organizations Assisting Schools in September) were able to change state laws as well as the public climate to pave the way for the acceptance of this momentous step. Southern parents were able to enlist business leaders and elected officials. Mayor William B. Hartsfield made famous his slogan: Atlanta is "a City too busy to hate." And at the last minute, even segregationist Governor Vandiver made a token effort to get on the band wagon by offering his troopers in case of trouble.

What the citizens' groups did was to shift the emphasis from a pointless debate on integration vs. segregation to the question of whether there should be schools or no schools.

The Foreign Aid Compromise

There was a double-edged thrust to Mr. Kennedy's proposal for handling development loans on a long term basis with so-called "back door" financing. The ostensible purpose was to provide a more effective way of assisting underdeveloped nations. So long as aid officials could not enter

THE NEWS

Companion Fear is at my side,
I cannot make him leave,
He whispers horror in my ear,
He twitches at my sleeve.

He presses down upon my heart,
He catches at my breath,
He does not need to put in words
The hovering of death.

Companion Fear is at my side,
I cannot make him go,
For we are bound in common dread
Of what we do not know.

—SEC

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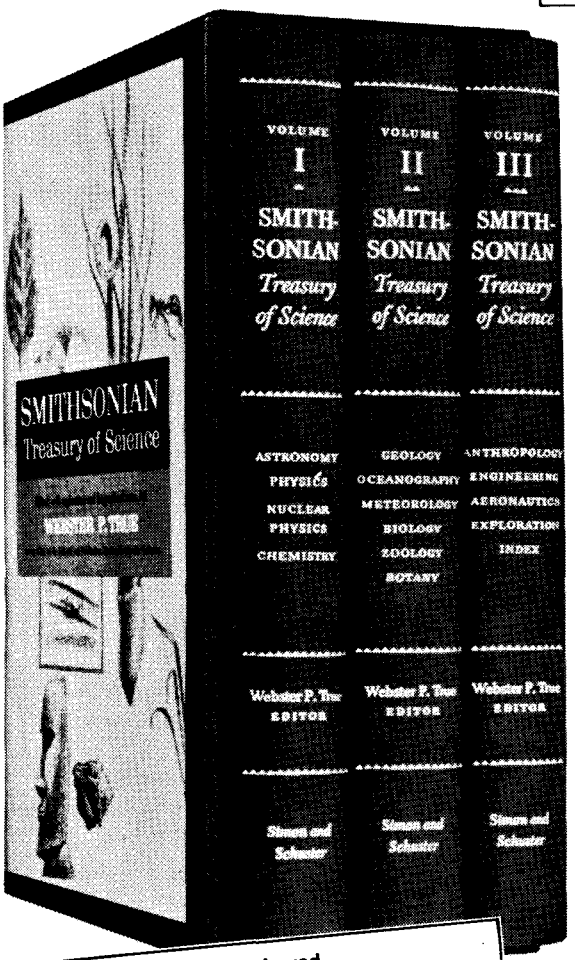

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into commitments beyond the current year's appropriations, it was argued, they lacked leverage to get going on the basic but unspeedy projects such as dams and roads and irrigation that are really needed.

But, it was admitted privately, the proposal was also designed to give the administration more leverage in dealing with obstructions from Congress. By having the Treasury finance the development loans, a method found to be satisfactory for a number of domestic programs, the government would be freed from the annual haggling with the czars of the Appropriations Committees. Of course, members of Congress could always vote to cut off or cut back the program in the event it was badly administered. But they could not so readily indulge their tendency to tamper with the substance of the program itself.

As in most things legislative, a compromise was reached. The administration is being granted the permission it wants to plan its loan program over the next five years with the comfortable knowledge that Congress has "authorized" $7.2 billion for that purpose. But aid officials will still have to make the annual trek to get their appropriations.

Was the compromise worth all the effort? Some dour critics point out that it eliminates annual reviews by the two committees—Foreign Rela-

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M. A.

We have gathered here to affirm a faith, a faith in a common purpose, a common conviction, a common devotion. Some of us have chosen America as the land of our adoption; the rest have come from those who did the same. For this reason we have some right to consider ourselves a picked group, a group of those who had the courage to break from the past and brave the dangers and the loneliness of a strange land. What was the object that nerved us, or those who went before us, to this choice? We sought liberty; freedom from oppression, freedom from want, freedom to be ourselves. This we then sought; this we now believe that we are by way of winning. What do we mean when we say that first of all we seek liberty? I often wonder whether we do not rest our hopes too much upon constitutions, upon laws and upon courts. These are false hopes; believe me, these are false hopes. Liberty lies in the hearts of men and women; when it dies there, no constitution, no law, no court can save it; no constitution, no law, no court can even do much to help it. While it lies there it needs no constitution, no law, no court to save it. And what is this liberty which must lie in the hearts of men and women? It is not the ruthless, the unbridled will; it is not freedom to do as one likes. That is the denial of liberty, and leads straight to its overthrow. A society in which men recognize no check upon their freedom soon becomes a society where freedom is the possession of only a savage few; as we have learned to our sorrow.

What then is the spirit of liberty? I cannot define it; I can only tell you my own faith. The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which seeks to understand the minds of other men and women; the spirit of liberty is the spirit which weighs their interests alongside its own without bias; the spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded; the spirit of liberty is the spirit of Him, who, near two thousand years ago, taught mankind that lesson it has never learned, but has never quite forgotten; that there may be a kingdom where the least shall be heard and considered side by side with the greatest. And now in that spirit, that spirit of an America which has never been, and which may never be; nay, which will never be except as the conscience and courage of Americans create it; yet in the spirit of that America which lies hidden in some form in the aspirations of us all; in the spirit of that America for which our young men are at this moment fighting and dying; in that spirit of liberty and of America I ask you to rise and with me pledge our faith in the glorious destiny of our beloved country.

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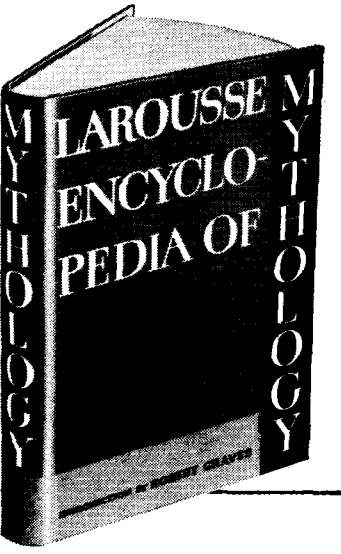

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tions in the Senate and Foreign Affairs in the House—where much of the support for foreign aid is eloquently voiced. Now, they claim, the loan program will be left more than ever to the untender mercies of the Appropriation Committees.

Administration leaders, on the other hand, profess to be satisfied. For one thing, it greatly simplifies the legislative process. Not having to fight both authorization and appropriation bills through both Houses each year means they can concentrate their energies and pressures. Besides, it is argued, Congress has a "moral" obligation not to undermine a program that it has already authorized.

It remains to be seen who is right. But one can't help noting that in the past Mr. Otto Passman, chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee dealing with foreign aid, has consistently exhibited some rather definite notions of his own about what constitutes his moral obligations.

Happy Birthdays

A few minutes after the House of Representatives had voted quickly and overwhelmingly against consideration of Representative Frank Thompson, Jr.'s Emergency Educational Aid bill last week, Representative Hale Boggs of Louisiana rose to the floor of the House. "Mr. Speaker," he intoned, "today is indeed a notable occasion." We couldn't help agreeing. By killing the already ravaged emergency measure—a mercy killing in some people's judgment—while the administration's original education bills remained bottled up in the Rules Committee, the House had just ended any hope of getting even a minimum general aid bill through Congress in this session. But the gentleman from Louisiana, as it happened, was not referring to the death of the school bill at all; he had another notable occasion in mind. That very day, he informed the House, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of service in Congress (and the birthday to boot) of Representative Eugene Keogh of Brooklyn.

There followed one of those impressive demonstrations of national unity for which Congress is famous

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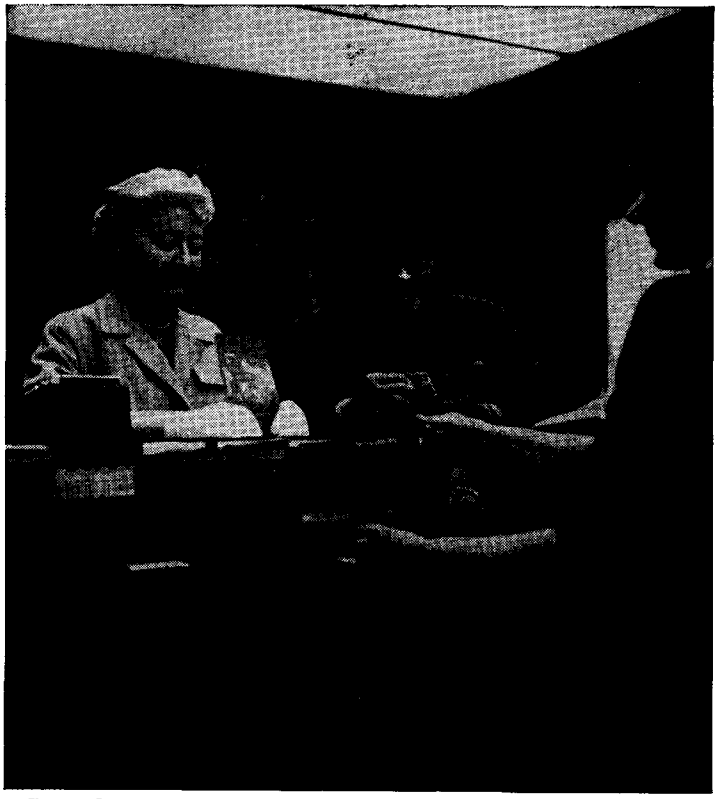

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as from every part of the political spectrum members who had not been willing to consider the school bill rose happily to consider the "life and character of Gene Keogh." In the lengthy celebration that ensued, the gentleman from Brooklyn was praised for his homely virtues ("it was Gene Keogh who found me an office to interview secretaries," one congressman recorded for posterity) and for his grander role, as Mr. Boggs saw it, as one of the few "shapers of history." The high-flown far outweighed the homely, however, and to such an extent that one congressman who came upon the proceedings late even professed his alarm: "I heard so many nice things being said about Gene Keogh that it gave me a sudden shock. I thought for a moment he might have had a heart attack—God forbid."

Mr. Keogh, whose accomplishments as a shaper of history do not spring readily to mind, is known to us chiefly through those New York press accounts about how Buckley thinks that Sharkey thinks that Carmine ought to tell Keogh what Maniscalco said to Levitt—accounts in which name and position in the sentence are pretty much interchangeable. Nonetheless, we are happy as the next person to join in the celebration of his somewhat unillustrious career and to wish him a belated happy birthday. True, we were not overly impressed by the fact that Representative Keogh had been elected to Congress consecutively since 1936. After all, a general program of Federal aid to education has been defeated in Congress consecutively since 1937. While the President has promised that he will be back with another bill in the second session, it occurs to us that if Congress plays its cards right and the administration plays its cards wrong, 1962 will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of defeated general aid to education bills. We trust that the members, if they continue to deny funds to the schools, will at least provide us with a memorable anniversary celebration of the idea. We can almost hear the remarks of a latecomer now: "I heard so many nice things being said about the school bill when I came in that I thought for a brief moment it might have passed—God forbid."

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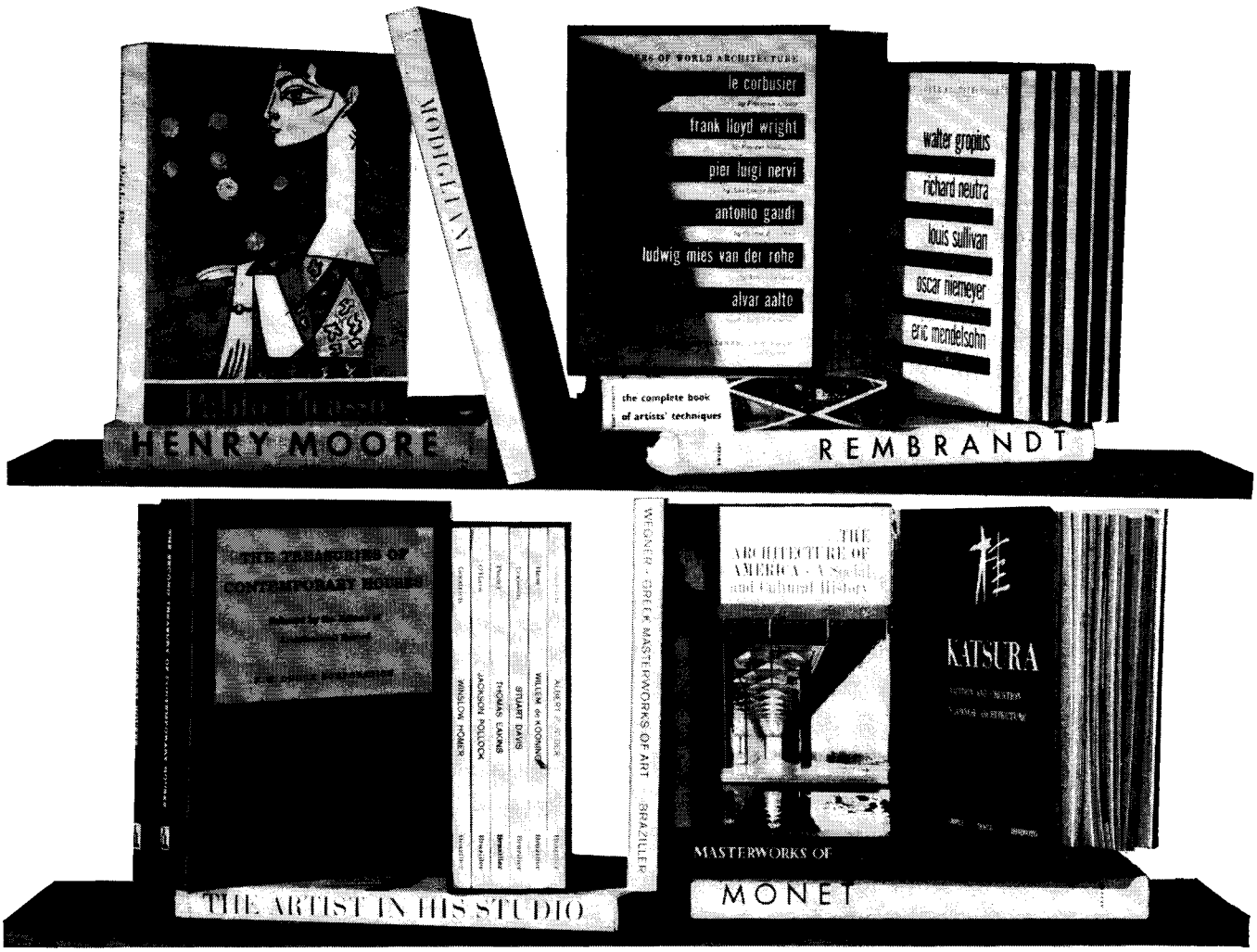

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The Wall

THE HAUNTING THING about Berlin these days is that from the first moment you set foot in the city the idea of war never leaves you. You cannot shake it off: what you keep seeing with your own eyes force it upon you. On the borderline between the western and eastern sectors the final battle against Hitler seems to have ended just yesterday, as the incongruously still-standing walls of bombed-out buildings testify. The new wall meant to enclose West Berlin was still being built when I was there. It's a fresh, neat thing, of the same uniform height and shape, reaching as far as the eye can see—a product and an evidence of deliberate planning, with nothing left to chance. It is as if the two wars had merged or, actually, as if one had sprung from the other with no peace in between.

How many times have we said that Communism has outlawed peace ever since the hostilities against the Axis ended sixteen years ago? How many times have I written that the Communists have been devising and using countless substitutes for all-out warfare, while we have not? Yet it is oppressive beyond description to have our tentative interpretations of reality borne out by what the eye can see. That wall is compelling evidence of the Communist capacity to keep devising newer and newer forms of aggression. They have a name for it: peaceful coexistence.

Yet what difference does the wall make? Before going to Berlin, I had frequently heard this asked. The two sectors of the city, like the two parts of the nation, have been divided for years, it was said. The boundary line has become more rigidly guarded on the eastern side, but the Berlin for which we are responsible—Willy Brandt's Berlin—is not going to be tampered with. We will not allow it. Our President himself has said it, and so has Vice-President Johnson, and so have any number of allied leaders over and over again: the freedom of Berlin will be defended with all we have.

These are honorable men who mean what they say. Khrushchev, too, proclaims that he is for a free Berlin, and indeed for its protection he has made it into a walled city with armed Communists guarding the wall. But how much freedom is left to West Berlin? Certainly its citizens can have elections and political parties to their hearts' content, conflicts of opinion, and opinion polls. They are also at liberty to migrate into Adenauer's Germany. But the freedom of the East Germans and of the East Berliners to become citizens of Berlin is gone. The freedom of the city is not any longer contagious. It has been sterilized; and if you have any doubt about this, go and look at the wall, and at the Communist soldiers with their submachine guns at the ready. What was an administrative barrier between two bitterly antagonistic régimes has now become a battle line. Every trespasser from east to west is shot on sight.

Freedom is not a state of narcissistic self-satisfaction. Either it expands or it dies—particularly when it stands on the marches of slavery. The wards of the West who have learned to become dedicated practitioners of democracy have been curbed by the wards of the East whom Communism has enslaved. That the word "slavery" is literally accurate there can be no doubt, considering the number of those who have fled west. There can be also no doubt that many East Berliners have taken their lives since the wall was erected, in numbers that cannot be known.

"Your President has said that Berlin is a beacon of freedom. Was there nothing he could do when the beacon was darkened?" I did not feel comfortable when asked this question. But seldom have I been so miserable as when a German, a passionate and articulate man, showed me clippings from American papers, with quotes from politicians and journalists stating that we Americans have no reason to be concerned with frustrated escapees to freedom. Yes, with a United States passport in my pocket, why should I? Except that some thirty years ago I was just about to run away from fascism in my native country—and I don't think I am the only American who has known the dread of missing a last chance to escape. In fact, I think I have read somewhere that our nation is one of refugees and sons of refugees.

I HAVE HEARD IT many times during these last few years and sometimes I have said it myself: the partition of Germany is something to which most Ger-

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mans, and probably all the allies, are reconciled. Perhaps that was true. Our government has never ceased insisting on the unification of Germany through free elections, possibly counting on the unyielding Russian opposition to both the goal and the means. In considering partition as a hardly changeable fact, the Russians could afford the luxury of greater candor. This fact was the ultimate product of the stalemate between East and West. The two Germanies were equally stalemated, although the people of the Communist state kept flowing into the Federal Republic.

Now, the unilateral initiative the Communists have taken in walling off West Berlin has radically altered the balance of forces in Germany. The decision the western powers have reached to see in this action no more than a forerunner of more hostile actions to come can only result in the acceleration of their coming. As to the sequence and ultimate goal, there can be no doubt: the Communists want us to acknowledge a status quo that our very acknowledgment would irreparably alter. The wall is not a belated evidence of a sixteen-year-old state of affairs. Rather, it is the physical proof that the balance of forces between East and West has shifted in favor of the East.

There has been so much talk lately, and from the highest sources, about the alleged shift in the balance of power and the Russian advance as testified to by Khrushchev's antics, or by queer happenings in outer space. From now on, as long as the wall stands, the world will know that a shift in the balance of power—or is it of will?—has actually occurred. It is the clearest indication of things to come: now that West Berlin has been walled off from the eastern section of the city, the whole of Germany is to be walled off from the West, and, next, the western allies from us. Unless, of course, we call a halt.

As Berlin proves, the Communists take drastic initiatives against us and at the same time never tire of proclaiming their readiness to sit down with us and negotiate. They want our ratification of their initiatives. They arbitrarily narrow the area of what is negotiable and rely on western anxiety to negotiate over what is left. How long will it be before the West lets Khrushchev know that he cannot count on us to co-operate in our undoing and that if he persists on his course he has to go it alone and take the risks involved?

ONE OF THE MOST striking things about Germany today is the reluctance of even the bravest of its men to make their voices heard so that a halt will be called. Even Willy Brandt has asked for negotiations over what is left of Berlin's freedom. The Germans know well that passive western acceptance of the partition of their country would lead to its unification under Communist auspices. They know that what Khrushchev amiably calls the signing of a peace treaty with the German Democratic Republic has no other purpose than to prove that slavery pays. There is considerable talk about the prospect for a new and radical neutralism in Germany—a neutralism which, to be acceptable to the Russians, would have to be not only military but political, thereby requiring the quiet abandonment of all liberal practices. It would be a united, fat, and thoroughly housebroken Germany.

Even after the most anguished diagnosis of dire things to come, I frequently heard as a conclusion that it is up to the other western nations to sound the alarm. This does not come from cowardice but from the paralyzing awareness of what Germany did under Hitler's rule. Under no conditions, I was told, must an all-out conflict be caused by Germany. I had heard any number of people, in Europe and at home, say "Let's not die for Berlin." I was not prepared to hear more or less the same thing said in Berlin itself. But they know over there that in too many countries all over the world, Germany is still hated. In a generation or so, the curse of Hitler's memory may be lifted from the Germans. Only when freed from that memory will they become a free people.

For all its newly created wealth, for all its sometimes oppressive energy, Germany leaves you with the feeling of its despair and emptiness. The suffering of Berlin, East and West, the bewildered, stunned eyes of people you have seen on one side or the other of the wall, is difficult to shake off when you leave the city. It is sometimes just as difficult when you are there to overcome a sense of faltering charity.

KHRUSHCHEV knew what he was doing when he chose the most vulnerable spot for the unhinging of the Alliance. Off and on, on and off, he has been at it for nearly three years. He has never lost sight of Berlin and of the role Berlin plays, East and West.

Should we lose sight of Berlin and its role? Should we let Germany and later other western allies drift away from us because of our reluctance to re-establish the balance of power and of will? Should we go on panting after negotiations and leaving to the Communists the decision as to what is negotiable?

Should we do this, we can be sure it would not be too many years before we found ourselves walled in by the enemy and at his mercy.

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Dead End At the Brandenburg Gate

GEORGE BAILEY

BERLIN

AT THREE-THIRTY on the morning of Sunday, August 13, I was awakened by a telephone call from a friend. His message was short: "They have closed the sector boundary." I arrived at the sector boundary at four. It was already light and the morning was clear. Members of the People's Police and the East German troops had already strung barbed wire across Leipziger Strasse where it enters Potsdamer Platz from the east. To the left, soldiers were sinking concrete pilings and stringing more barbed wire across them. Beyond, where the sector boundary runs through Ebert Strasse to the Brandenburg Gate, the People's Policemen and firemen were ripping up a strip six feet wide in the middle of the street. A police captain in a plum-colored dress uniform was applying a pneumatic hammer to the pavement. A cigarette in the corner of his mouth, he smiled as he worked.

The rest of the city was still asleep and apparently serene. Confronting the Communist military on the other side, a small knot of civilians, late revelers and early risers—four or five cameramen, as many journalists, one West Berlin policeman, a few gray-haired charwomen, two bar girls—stood watching in silence. Some of the women were crying. Some young people, dressed for a night on the town, walked or rode up in taxis to the Brandenburg Gate. A few hesitated and turned back, but others walked between the huge yellow columns into East Berlin, turning, before they disappeared, to wave back at us. "We shall never see them again," said a woman next to me.

By seven, the first phase of the sealing off was completed. The twenty-five-mile sector boundary running north and south through the city was either barricaded, wired off, or manned by police and army troops. At ten o'clock two battalions of the East Berlin factory militia marched up Unter den Linden to the armory in Klara Zetkin Strasse, where they were issued rifles and machine guns. The middle-aged militiamen in sloppy brown overall uniforms with cloth-visored caps were immediately deployed to reinforce the Communist troops along the boundary line.

By noon it was practically impossible for East Berliners to get within two blocks of the Gate. They were turned back by militiamen or police as soon as they identified themselves, although West Berliners, West Germans, and foreigners were still allowed to pass freely. By this time the decree of the East German government had been posted throughout East Berlin at the entrances of all the subway and surface train stations. The proclamation, which stated that thenceforth no East Berliner or East German would be allowed to enter West Berlin or West Germany (to protect them against West German "slave traders and recruiters"), was posted alongside a proclamation signed by the Warsaw Pact countries asking East Germany to take the necessary measures to secure its border in Berlin against the West.

Why They Did It

The real reason for sealing off East Berlin was clear to everyone. Beginning on July 1, the flow of East German refugees into Berlin became a flood, suddenly doubling and then tripling. By the middle of July, East Germany was losing an average of a thousand people a day. By the end of July, the flood had become a tidal wave, averaging two thousand a day. On Saturday, August 12, the day before the boundary was closed, more than five thousand East Germans entered West Berlin as refugees.

The cause of this sudden surge of refugees was the intensification of the Communist demands for a separate peace treaty with East Germany. The Communists made it clear that the peace treaty would automatically seal the borders of East Germany and stop the refugee flow. This created a "last chance" panic among the East Germans. The panic spread fast. Many firms lost from five to twenty per cent of their personnel in a few weeks. The East German leaders now claim that the refugee flow was costing their economy three and a half billion marks a year.

East Germany had been bleeding badly for sixteen years. By way of excuse, the régime devised the accusation that West Germany had mounted a mass recruitment program among East German workers for the munitions industries of the Federal Republic. Not even the party propagandists expected anyone

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to take the slogan about "slave traders" and "headhunters" seriously. "This is pathetic, even as an emergency tactic," one of them told me. Furthermore, the preposterous story begged at least one rather embarrassing question: for what reasons had the mysterious recruiting drive met with such astonishing success? In his last speech before the escape route was closed, Walter Ulbricht explained it all away by saying that a certain percentage of the population was made up of unreconstructed Nazis.

For six weeks the régime tried desperately to stop the flow by every means short of sealing off the sector boundary. Travel controls on the periphery of Greater Berlin were increased drastically. Administrative devices such as special stamps in identity documents permitting and restricting travel were employed. Dozens of show trials were held, including televised interrogations of "confessed" West German recruiting agents. As the refugee flood continued to mount, an emergency session of the Volkskammer was held on August 11. After an address by Deputy Premier Willi Stopf, who accused West German slave traders of kidnapping a four-month-old baby and demanding that the parents follow West by way of ransom, the parliament gave the National Council *carte blanche* for whatever measures it considered necessary to counter the recruitment program. Would the régime take the final step of sealing off East Berlin? At this point it seemed more likely that the Communists would seal off the whole of Berlin from East Germany so as not to forestall the peace treaty. Indeed, when the barbed-wire division of the city itself took place, many Communist functionaries were aghast. "This doesn't make sense," one of them told me. "How can we now expect the West to agree to negotiate the Berlin question when we have presented them with a *fait accompli*?"

THE FIRST dramatic reaction to the coup came from West Berlin's governing mayor, Willy Brandt. Flying in from Nuremberg, where he had been electioneering for the chancellorship, Brandt arrived in Berlin at eleven o'clock in the morning and immediately went into conference with the three western allied commandants and the Berlin senate.

The mass of Berliners came alive to the situation in the early afternoon. By four o'clock, half a million people crowded along the sector boundary. The main body of the crowd was on the west side of the Brandenburg Gate and extended back a good half mile, choking the Gate's western approaches to all traffic. At first, strangely, it was a typical holiday crowd, diverted from Berlin's outlying lakes by news that the sector boundary had suddenly become a curiosity. The result was the worst traffic jam in Berlin's history.

The first threats of violence came from the other side of the line. Some five hundred East Berlin workers faced two platoons of the People's Police at the boundary north of the

Gate at eleven o'clock and angrily demanded the right to pass. The officer in command finally threatened to open fire if they did not disperse. Later about three hundred young West Berliners rushed the barbed-wire fence just south of the Gate and trampled a thirty-yard section of it down before they ran up against a line of Communist soldiers with bayonets fixed and presented. This was the most serious incident of the day, and order was soon restored by the intervention of the West German police.

'East Acts, West Does Nothing'

In sharp contrast to the systematic, carefully timed measures of the Communists, western reaction seemed fitful, disjointed, and glaringly inadequate in the next few days. On Monday the Brandenburg Gate was closed, and fifty-three thousand *Grenzgänger*, "border crossers" who lived in East Berlin and worked in West Berlin, failed to appear for work. By noon the Communists had cut all telecommunications between East Germany, including East Berlin, and West Germany, including West Berlin. That evening, in a campaign speech in Regensburg, Konrad Adenauer made possibly the greatest blunder of his career. He attacked his opponent for the chancellorship both bitterly and personally, apparently forgetting that Brandt was also the embattled mayor of West Berlin. Public reaction in both West Berlin and West Germany was furious. On Tuesday the Communists began building a wall five to six feet high of cement blocks all along the sector boundary. The building of a "Chinese Wall" through the city seems to have been prompted by the spectacular defection of an East German soldier in full uniform and equipment. In view of a dozen western cameramen, the soldier sprinted across the line, hurdling the barbed-wire entanglement. Half an hour later, a group of East German workers with a mobile crane began putting concrete blocks into place, walling off the street. Late Tuesday, the western allied commandants of Berlin finally delivered a protest note to the Soviet garrison commander in East Berlin. The stiff language of the note only produced dismay in West Berlin.

On Wednesday morning *Bild Zeitung*, West Germany's largest newspaper, exploded in screaming headlines: "East Acts, West Does Nothing. President Kennedy Keeps Silent, Macmillan Goes Hunting, and Adenauer Insults Brandt." In the accompanying front-page editorial, the chancellor was taken to task for putting the West German elections before the fate of his country. That afternoon Willy Brandt spoke before a mass demonstration of half a million Berliners. A large placard read: "Have we been betrayed by the West?" He announced that he had written a personal letter to President Kennedy informing him, "Berlin expects not merely words but political action." Brandt ended his speech by saying that he had put all personal political animosities behind him and would wholeheartedly welcome the chancellor in Berlin as soon as possible. This was a reminder that Adenauer had still not come to Berlin or even announced his intention of coming. Instead the chancel-

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lor met with Soviet Ambassador Smirnov Wednesday evening. The result of the meeting was an unfortunate communiqué containing Adenauer's assurance to Smirnov that "the Federal Republic is undertaking no steps to aggravate its relations with the Soviet Union."

On Thursday, August 17, the western allies went through the formality of sending identical notes of protest to the Soviet Union. By this time the number of defectors from the Communist troops guarding the sector boundary totaled more than fifty. The East German construction of the "Chinese Wall" went on. On Friday the West German parliament met in emergency session, but the three largest parties were unable to agree on a joint declaration of protest. To Berliners, West Germany seemed further away than ever. But then, late in the afternoon, came the announcement that Vice-President Lyndon Johnson would arrive in Berlin on Saturday and that a fifteen-hundred-man battle group would be sent to reinforce the American garrison in Berlin.

That evening Walter Ulbricht, the dictator of East Germany, celebrated his triumph in a television address. Grinning slyly, he informed the Germans that the sealing off of East Berlin "had demonstrated to the world the actual power relationship in Germany." The entire action had caused less damage than a rock-'n-roll session in a West Berlin dance hall. Then Ulbricht turned the knife in the wound: the Brandenburg Gate, he gloated, had become a symbol of Communist hegemony in Germany.

'Our Sacred Honor'

More than a million Berliners thronged the streets in a sporadic rainstorm to greet Lyndon Johnson on Saturday, August 19. His message—"To the survival and to the creative future of this city we Americans have pledged in effect what our ancestors pledged in forming the United States of America: 'Our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor' " —deeply moved all who heard it.

But somehow, the very pitch of the enthusiasm for Johnson's visit brought on general realization that something was wrong. After long silence, this sudden, spectacular American demonstration of solidarity was surely welcomed. But West Berliners were not protesting and demanding action because they themselves feared being left in the lurch by their allied protectors. The immediate and main reason for the West Berliners' protest was the sealing off of East Berlin, the construction of the Chinese Wall running through the center of the city and cutting off East Berlin and East Germany from West Berlin. They were demanding for themselves and as proxies for the East Berliners the restoration of the integrity of their city. The American demonstration of solidarity was restricted to the West Berliners and conceded in effect that the East Berliners were "off limits." It degraded an insistence on principle to the status of an animal urge. As one Berliner put it, "We were fighting for self-determination, not self-preservation."

Before August 13 Berlin was, as Willy Brandt once described it, "the clamp that holds the two parts of Germany together." "Before they built that terrible wall," said a German journalist during Johnson's visit, "a mother from Frankfurt an der Oder could meet and visit with her son from Frankfurt am Main in Berlin. Last year nine million theater, concert, and cinema tickets were sold in West Berlin to East Germans. Berlin was the clearinghouse of East and West Germany, the only place where the twain could and did meet. Now it is finished." The Four Power Statute of Berlin was a guarantee that the German problem had not yet been decided; the abrogation of the Four Power Statute, accomplished by sealing off East Berlin, is the signal that the Communists have decided the German problem unilaterally.

The morning after Johnson's departure, Berliners awoke under gray skies. "Without East Berlin," said Willy Brandt, "West Berlin will never be the same." Without East Berlin, he might have added, West Berlin will become a walled-off curiosity, an atrophied nodule of West Germany. "What young man will settle in West Berlin and raise a family?" asked an old-timer. The answer is that all West Berlin moving companies are now booked up solidly for more than a year.

Will Trust Survive?

When the Communists struck on August 13, Konrad Adenauer reacted like the chancellor of West Germany. Willy Brandt, his opponent in the current West German election campaign, reacted like the governing mayor of West Berlin. In the process, Brandt has gained much more than Adenauer has. Because he returned to Berlin immediately and fought desperately for the residual German unity that was symbolized by Berlin, Brandt is on his way to becoming something like "Mr. Germany." For in most German minds, Berlin is still the capital and center of the whole country.

Adenauer returned to Bonn, a city that most Germans still associate with Beethoven. For the first time in my experience influential West Germans, formerly supporters of the administration, are calling Adenauer a separatist. Some are dredging up the almost forgotten epithet hurled by the late Social Democratic leader, Kurt Schumacher, who called Adenauer "Chancellor of the Allies."

There is no doubt that for Adenauer, as for many of his countrymen, West Germany's best hopes for the future have resided in the prominent role it has played in the postwar European community and the Atlantic alliance. In large measure the old forces of nationalism have been diluted by this devotion to NATO. But how much of the Germans' trust and reliance on their allies will survive the shock of August 13?

"My son is in the army," a wealthy and influential West German remarked a few days ago. "He frequently brings some of his NATO buddies home with him. The Englishman says he is an English soldier. The Frenchman says he is a French soldier. My son says he is a NATO soldier. Now, I suppose, for the sake of the unity of this alliance in which we have believed, we shall be asked to betray our sixteen million fellow Germans in the East—to condemn them to an existence without hope behind barbed wire. Could you blame Germans if they came to feel that they have been betrayed by their allies?"

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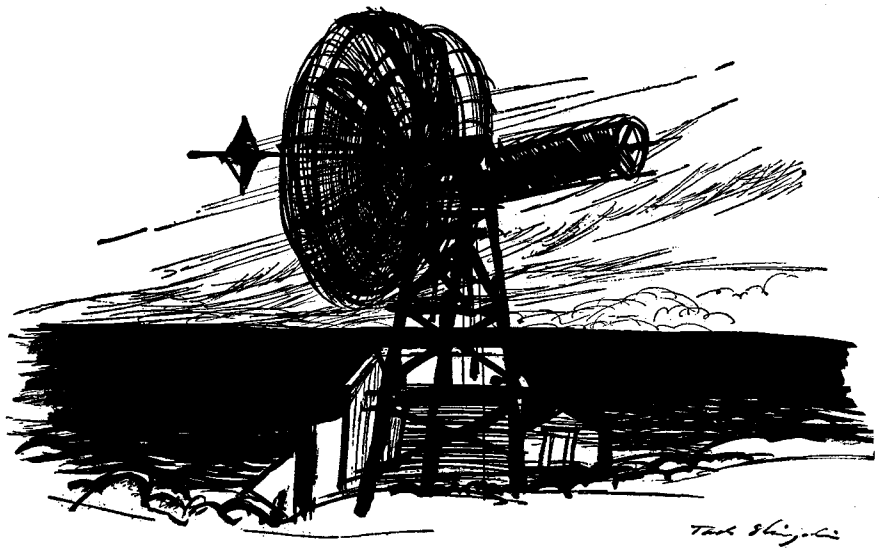

Political Warfare: A Sword We Must Unsheathe

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

SHORTLY before the Berlin crisis came to a boil this summer, Philippe Ben of *Le Monde*, who normally covers Eastern Europe, visited the United States and sent back to his paper a thoughtful, acid critique of the Kennedy administration's plan for launching an ambitious political counteroffensive. The new team of psychological warriors in Washington had both energy and ideas, Ben reported, but he did not feel they had completely shaken off the Madison Avenue influences that had befuddled the minds of their predecessors. Ben's remarks about the Voice of America, based in part on his own observations behind the Iron Curtain, were particularly harsh: its programs were overly sensitive to diplomatic preoccupations, and therefore, Ben charged, "too prudent, too official, too conformist." In Poland, according to Ben, the efforts of the Voice to avoid giving any offense to the Gomulka régime have cost it most of its listeners. The final verdict of *Le Monde's* correspondent was that "In the huge task of mobilizing all the resources of the United States and those of its allies to meet the Berlin crisis, the psychological field is one of the thorniest but perhaps the most decisive. It is also the field in which this country is the least prepared."

Today several of Ben's criticisms sound too sweeping, and others, it may be hoped, are outdated; certainly sending Vice President Lyndon Johnson—along with Allied military re-enforcements—to Berlin was a bold piece of psychological strategy. In the view of most French and of some U.S. authorities here, however, the West suffered a major psychological defeat when it stood by impotently while Khrushchev's stooges sealed off East Berlin and supplied us with what one high American source in Paris described as "a classic illustration of Communist salami tactics."

The Dread of Action

Plainly, the habit of losing is a hard one to break, and observers on this side of the Atlantic who have had occasion in recent weeks to discuss with U.S. and allied specialists the issues raised in *Le Monde's* article—entitled "Who Will Win the Cold War?"—continue to share some of Ben's basic misgivings about the newness of the new look in American political warfare.

Our weakness in this area—at least as many French, German, and other Continental experts see it—results from the trauma inflicted on American officialdom by the dramatic bankruptcy of John Foster Dulles's "liberation" policy and more recently by the Cuban fiasco. Because the Eisenhower administration, through the voice of Henry Cabot Lodge, proclaimed in November, 1956, that it could not stand idly by while the Hungarian people's struggle for freedom was brutally repressed—and then proceeded to do exactly that—the Kennedy administration today, according to European observers, dreads giving any encouragement to revolutionary movements behind the Iron Curtain. The result is that the West has not yet unsheathed—or even started serious preparations for unsheathing—what many Europeans, including in all probability General de Gaulle, consider the most effective political weapons available to defend western interests in Berlin.

"High officials here said today that every precaution is being taken by the West, including moderation in the Voice of America and other broadcasts, to avoid incitement to riots in East Germany," Robert J. Donovan reported from Washington to the New York *Herald Tribune* on August 15. "The Kennedy administration is trying to avoid any such shadow of moral involvement [as in Hungary] in East Germany."

Commenting on the closing of the Berlin gate to the "East German jail," Joseph Alsop warned in his most somber tones—but with something less than his usual pugnacity: "The facts are hard and cruel but they have to be faced. . . . It has been clear that the Western nations are not going to take any risks to 'liberate' the Eastern Europeans, including the East Germans." Alsop, like several other western commentators, even considered that the closing of the jail gate, while evoking "deep moral indignation," simplified the task of western diplomacy by relieving it of the troublesome refugee problem, thereby improving the chances for a "negotiated settlement that will leave Berlin genuinely, enduringly free."

Similar statements have been trickling, or even spouting, from

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Washington since the Berlin crisis became acute, and have filled European political-warfare experts with dismay. No responsible leaders here or anywhere in Europe favor a policy of inciting mass insurrection behind the Iron Curtain at this time, or deny the need for some restraint in radio propaganda, especially that beamed to East Germany. But by harping obsessively on its fears of getting involved in East European uprisings, and by proclaiming in advance of the issue that we will give no support to any such uprisings lest it lead to war, Washington, it is felt here, is throwing away one of its high cards in the terrible poker game over Berlin.

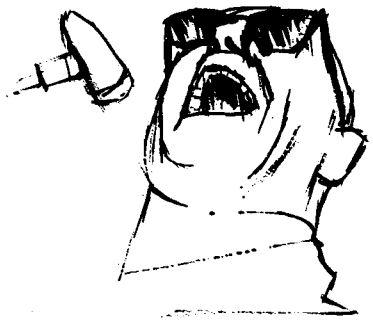
"It would be unforgivable for the West to threaten to foment insurrection behind the Iron Curtain simply to strengthen its bargaining position over Berlin," a French friend remarked to me, "but if Khrushchev brings one about through the policies he is now applying over Berlin, why should we assure him in advance that we will do nothing to hamper his efforts to repress it?"

SOME EUROPEANS are convinced that revolution will break out, first in East Germany, then in other satellite areas, especially Hungary, as an almost automatic consequence of a prolonged international crisis over Berlin, particularly if the West is driven to cut off economic relations with the East. "General de Gaulle," the French weekly *Candide* reported late in August, "considers that the political weakness of the East German régime is so great that a western economic blockade would subject it to exceptionally grave perils. The economic arm should therefore be employed before resorting to military measures; this is what the general is proposing to the western allies." If *Candide* correctly interprets de Gaulle's strategy for dealing with the Berlin crisis, it helps explain his negative attitude toward any four-power negotiation that at times has irritated Washington and London; obviously, the longer the present crisis lasts, the greater will be the social and political strains behind the Iron Curtain.

Though no serious economic countermeasures have yet been applied, Khrushchev's war scare is already reliably reported to be aggravating shortages of consumer goods and to be generating grave psychological tensions. The situation is naturally most explosive in East Germany, where almost daily the official press reports hundreds of "lightning trials" of persons arrested for criticizing the régime, listening to western broadcast, and similar offenses. There have also been reports of serious concern over the Berlin crisis by the Polish and Czech Communist leaders; and if Khrushchev allows the international temperature to rise much higher, he is going to hear more than concern. As a recent article in the *Herald Tribune* pointed out, Central and Eastern Europe to behind the Pripet Marshes are just as vulnerable to NATO's tactical air fleets and missile batteries, with their nuclear bombs or warheads, as our European allies are to the Soviet rockets that Khrushchev is so fond of brandishing. And the territory through which the Red Army's supply lines pass—particularly in East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia—would certainly be doomed to heavy attack, if only with conventional weapons.

Imagination and Responsibility

Europeans who believe that the West's psychological strategy in the Berlin crisis should be based primarily on enlisting the captive peo-



ples of Eastern Europe as allies in the diplomatic struggle over Berlin recognize that such an enlistment would imply acceptance by the West of a moral commitment never more to abandon them, regardless of the risk. The risk is real, it is admitted, but it is not so grave as Washington imagines, and ways can be worked out for reducing it further. On the basis of their own experience with the wartime Resistance, some of the more militant European anti-Communist strategists believe that it is by encouraging and explicitly accepting responsibility for the revolutionary forces behind the Iron Curtain that the West can most deeply influence them and thereby avert the danger of untimely explosions like that of the Hungarian uprising. We should oppose only premature and unco-ordinated insurrections.

In the case of East Germany today, western encouragement of a systematic campaign to boycott the next communal elections—which the Ulbricht government allegedly will try to exploit as a plebiscite on its jailhouse policies—might act as a safety valve for insurrectionary pressures in East Germany at the same time that it struck a new psychological blow at the long discredited puppet régime there. Similar campaigns organized by the F.L.N. in Algeria achieved considerable success. Sentiment for the boycott has already begun to develop spontaneously among the East German population, according to a dispatch from the Berlin correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*.

Campaigns to step up peasant obstruction of farm collectivization might also bring substantial response in certain areas and would increase the effectiveness of any economic sanctions that may be applied by the West. "Food production remains the Achilles heel of economic activity in the Socialist camp," declares a recent study by Radio Free Europe experts. After mentioning the difficulties experienced by Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria, the study remarks that "Hungary and Germany, which have just completed mass collectivization drives, are in even worse shape. In these two countries a dispirited peasantry is offering at least passive resistance to the régime's efforts at raising production."

IN PROPOSING any active tasks to people behind the Iron Curtain, however, western political warriors should be doubly careful neither to lag behind public opinion in a fluctuating situation nor to get too far ahead of it. The objectives of political warfare in territories under to-

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talitarian occupation must be accurately adjusted both to temper of local resistance sentiment and to the degree of difficulty or danger involved in various forms of subversive agitation. Observing this rule was perhaps the big secret of the remarkable success achieved by British political warfare in occupied Europe during the war against Hitler; so I discovered in 1942 when I was sent to England by the Office of Strategic Services to study British propaganda techniques as a basis for our own efforts in the field. Later, as a member of General Eisenhower's psychological-warfare staff in North Africa and as an officer on Admiral Mountbatten's staff in the Southeast Asia Theater, I had several opportunities to confirm its soundness by personal experience.

Prime Targets

Pending the problematic but not improbable combination of circumstances that might some day render feasible a generalized revolution throughout the major East European satellites, partisans of an offensive political strategy argue for a doctrine of limited revolutionary warfare behind the Iron Curtain, indirectly and clandestinely supported by the West and aimed at precise objectives that simultaneously would alleviate the lot of the people and promote the West's political offensive against the Kremlin. One of the most obvious immediate objectives would be to force open the barrier that the Ulbricht régime, at Soviet instigation, has thrown up between East and West Berlin. Success would be as great a boon to the common people of East Germany as it would to western diplomacy; it is therefore a goal we can properly ask German underground workers to risk their lives for—provided we are willing to incur some risks too.

The Iron Curtain as a whole, both symbolically and as an actual complex of impediments to exchange and movement between East and West, should be a prime target for diplomacy, propaganda, and subversion alike. On a more tactical plane, neutralizing any Communist attempts to block western access to Berlin is an evident priority objective. Among the means of action for achieving these and similar objectives, one of the most basic is radio propaganda. It is essential in a situation like that prevailing in the satellite zone of Europe, not so much for selling the idea of freedom to people who understand much better than we do what it is worth, but for keeping up morale and above all for organizing, co-ordinating, and at times moderating revolutionary action. Strikes, slowdowns, street demonstrations (on the rare occasions where they are justifiable), wall propaganda, the large-scale encouragement of defection, minor sabotage, and other forms of mass action all depend upon longe-range agitation and instruction by radio, though most of them also require local underground organization in regular secret contact with the West.

Radio can spread a localized disorder within a few hours into vast social and political conflagrations. This was demonstrated in 1953 by RIAS, the hard-hitting and outspoken American station broadcasting from Berlin to East Germany. Following some minor factory riots in East Berlin, RIAS broadcast an appeal for a general strike put out by the West German trade unions. The next day, virtually the whole population of the city was in the streets. Thanks, however, to warnings and advice from RIAS, no general massacre took place; and though the uprising was harshly repressed, it won substantial alleviations in working conditions for millions of people in East Germany. Today it is unlikely that RIAS could play the same role without provoking disaster; but by the very fact that it has been so effectively militant in the past it might help avert a mass East German insurrection under calamitous conditions by guiding its listeners into less spectacular and perilous forms of resistance. Radio can give tremendous resonance to otherwise futile gestures of despair like the 1953 mutiny in the Vorkuta prison camp in Siberia. On occasion it can generate sufficient pressures of public opinion, even in a police state, to curb the excesses of local tyrants or sadists. Both RIAS and Radio Free Europe have repeatedly demonstrated this capability.

The Transistor Revolution

The West undoubtedly has both the technical capability and the professional skills necessary to conduct radio propaganda behind the Iron Curtain on the scale necessary to sustain a formidable revolutionary resistance movement. Present conditions are particularly favorable. The populations of the satellite countries feel terribly exposed, and listen avidly to the western radio. Even in normal times there is a big regular audience in most of the satellites for the programs of Radio Free Europe, RIAS, the BBC, the Voice of America, and the French radio. Radio Liberty, formerly Radio Liberation, another privately sponsored American station that beams shortwave programs to the various republics of the Soviet Union, is also said

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to be building up a significant audience of regular listeners. Jamming, which is irregular, does not keep any of these stations from getting through fairly satisfactorily. Edward R. Murrow, director of the U.S. Information Agency, estimates that even in the Soviet Union, where jamming is heaviest and jamming techniques the most sophisticated, about three-quarters of the Voice of America programs get through.

The number of radio sets behind the Iron Curtain has trebled in the last ten years, and Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary and Bulgaria are now turning out in quantity the kind of pocket-sized transistor sets that played such an important role during the military insurrection in Algeria last April, making it possible for the Paris government to mobilize the enlisted men for counterinsurrectionary action against their officers. The same "transistor revolution," which has truly revolutionary implications for western political warfare, is said to be under way in the Soviet Union itself. In a recent talk here Murrow described an "unappeasable curiosity" in the Soviet people about real conditions in the West—and in their own country. All together, according to a recent study made by the RFE staff, there are now close to twelve million radio sets in the European satellite nations, not counting East Germany. In case of an aggravated war scare a great many of their owners—including party and government officials and military personnel—would undoubtedly be listening to the western programs. Under such conditions, propaganda that is both honest and adroit can sometimes accomplish notable political results.

Among other things, this golden opportunity for western political warfare could be exploited more effectively to emphasize throughout Eastern Europe the numerous survivals of Hitlerism in the East German régime, thereby helping to neutralize the theme of West German "revanchism" by which Soviet propaganda seeks to stir up the latent anti-German sentiment that is still widespread throughout Europe. The western governments have had ample evidence of the extent to which the Ulbricht régime has long been utilizing East Berlin as a base for subversion and espionage against the West far more ruthlessly than West Berlin is used as a base for anti-Communist agitation behind the Iron Curtain. The Ulbricht version of political warfare includes encouragement and manipulation of neo-Nazi groups in the Federal Republic and certain extreme rightist organizations throughout the world, including the United States—as I discovered during an assignment in Germany some years ago and as western anti-Semitic organizations have more recently confirmed. Khrushchev's own political-warfare tactics, his scientifically planned alternation of threats and offers to negotiate—above all his efforts to intimidate the weaker NATO allies, as in his threats to vaporize the Acropolis—bear a shocking resemblance to Hitler's "strategy of terror" as I saw it applied in France between 1938 and 1940 and reported on in a book published under that title.

The Fist in the Glove

In the opinion of most of the French and other European anti-Communists who favor a strategy of revolutionary warfare against the Communist bloc, radio propaganda—and the mass agitation promoted by it—would have to be supported by other forms of action from which U.S. psychological planners up to now have been inclined to shy away. Molding and voicing public opinion are useful even in a police state, but under totalitarian conditions they are not enough. Official violence has to be met with revolutionary violence. The violence, of course, must be geared to the public mood, both behind the Iron Curtain and in the non-Communist world; this implies a scale of graduated sanctions conditioned partly by the degree of brutality manifested by Communist officialdom with regard to the captive peoples, and partly by the gravity of the Communist threat to the West. Depending upon the developing requirements of the situation, the forms of violence that might be usefully employed in the Berlin crisis would cover a wide range. In the current phase of the crisis, marked by minor Communist harassment of the western position in the city, they might be limited to those incidental to promoting escapes and defections and to small-scale acts of sabotage, largely symbolic in character, directed against Walter Ulbricht's "Chinese Wall" splitting Berlin—e.g., by literally blowing holes in it—against radio jamming stations, and similar inanimate targets. Former French military political-warfare experts who have joined the anti-governmental right-wing underground in Algeria recently gave a dramatic demonstration of this type of operation by silencing the transmitter of Radio Algiers with minor sabotage and then usurping its wave length for half an hour to broadcast subversive appeals over a transmitter of their own concealed in an attic. The impact of this seemingly childish stunt was considerable.

Another appropriate target for resistance saboteurs behind the Iron Curtain would be the so-called "black Communist" transmitters that broadcast the vicious subversive propaganda contained in the programs of "German Freedom Station 904," "Radio Free Greece," and similar stations trying to foment revolution or civil war in Iran and Turkey. If the Communist harassments took a more menacing form, they might be met by systematic sabotage of Communist-controlled means of communication, including shipping and air traffic throughout the world. The final phase before all-out insurrection would necessarily correspond to the kind of terrorism and guerrilla warfare waged by the Algerian nationalists against the French.

An essential part of the foregoing strategic concept is that even in the grim later phases of its execution the emphasis should nearly always be on actions that are self-justifying in terms of revolutionary objectives; it is not economic loss or tactical harassment inflicted on the Soviet Union itself or its camp followers that will bring about a change in the Kremlin's policies, but the mounting threat of revolution. The best way to foster the idea of freedom is to start freeing people. In practice this means that high priority should always be given to promoting individual and mass escapes to the West from the Iron Curtain countries—including the Soviet Union itself; to organizing breaks from jail

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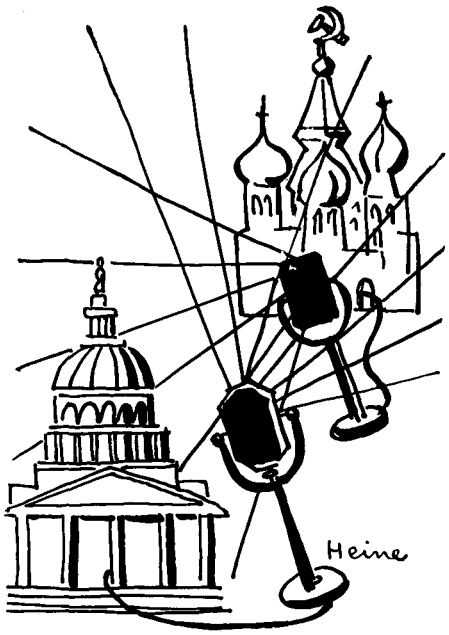
and prison camps; and to punishing informers and torturers. Such actions are strong morale builders, as the history of all wartime resistance movements proves. For the time being, western authorities in Berlin are understandably playing down the theme of escape to avoid inadvertently calling attention to the remaining chinks in Ulbricht's wall. But as these are gradually closed up, the case for organizing an occasional spectacular break from the East German jailhouse will grow stronger—and the breaks need not be confined to Berlin or even Germany.

The so-called plastic explosive—a puttylike substance that is safe to handle and easy to mold into any desired shape—developed during the war by the British for underground and commando work, has already had a considerable impact on twentieth-century history because of the relative advantage that it gives revolutionary elements. Some of the O.S.S. aids to clandestine warfare that were tested during the Second World War, doubtless improved since then, could be used effectively by anti-Communist resistance groups.

The Decisive Front

By an ironic coincidence, at the same time that the Washington commentators were warning the western people that there was nothing we could do about the closing of the Berlin jail gate except to face the hard, cruel facts, Pentagon spokesmen were boasting to a reporter from *Newsweek* about the successes recently achieved in countering Communist guerrilla operations in South Vietnam, thanks to new techniques and weapons specially developed to meet local needs. The weapons ranged from a "microjet" rocket to a silent killing device fired from a plastic tube no larger than a drinking straw, to a heavier-than-air explosive gas that could be dumped over the enemy and ignited by a spark. "Nothing is too fantastic for us," the Pentagon man said. Nothing in South Vietnam, that is. The same effort of imagination that has been put into solving the problems of guerrilla warfare in the jungle could solve many of the operational problems of effective political warfare in Eastern Europe—and incidentally it could help restore to the individual freedom fighter the dignity of which modern mass weapons and modern police techniques have recently deprived him. Unfortunately, as European anti-Communists bitterly point out, all the American political-warfare planning, from technical research and development to propaganda, is essentially defensive and is oriented toward the peripheral, undeveloped areas of the world, where local economic and social conditions usually favor the Communist adversary, instead of aiming at taking the offensive against the main enemy on the decisive front of Eastern Europe and Russia itself,



where the conditions created by Communist tyranny and confusion favor us.

Switching from defensive to offensive political warfare, and directing it against the Communist empire's vulnerable western front in Europe, does not imply recklessly challenging Soviet military power near its home bases. Subtle forms of attack are not necessarily the least deadly. The viciousness of the present Communist political and psychological assault against the West seems to call for a deliberate campaign of countersubversion behind the Iron Curtain; if the estimate of the Soviet threat shared by General de Gaulle and some American experts is correct, we may shortly find ourselves in a situation where promoting limited acts of revolutionary violence in Communist-held territory, instead of appearing as a provocation to a shooting war, will be the only acceptable alternative to starting one ourselves.

Judging from the Berlin dispatch to the London *Sunday Times* that has been mentioned earlier, political warfare may have already attained a considerable pitch of violence. "West Berlin espionage officials," said the dispatch, "noted with grim professional satisfaction recently that in two fatal crashes of Communist airliners some of their opposite numbers had been unlucky enough to be passengers."

Violence and Negotiation

Readiness to employ violence as a surgical instrument should not, however, rule out the possibility of negotiation, and some authorities here think it might hasten it. Negotiation itself can be a weapon of political warfare—as it usually is in the hands of the Communists. Plastic can help blow holes in the Iron Curtain, but so can diplomacy. If serious negotiations over Berlin eventually get under way, our political warfare will have to modify its tactics, but there is no reason why it should modify either its objectives or its basic revolutionary strategy. Helping to organize another major intellectual jailbreak like the western publication of *Doctor Zhivago* could prove just as subversive from the viewpoint of the present Kremlin leadership as fomenting new uprisings in the prison camps. Spreading what a French economist calls "the virus of demand" throughout Soviet society by means like the present ambitious French trade and cultural exposition in Moscow can prove more devastating in the long run to the Communist economy than an economic blockade.

Our permanent revolutionary war against the Communist world should never be suspended or even muted, but it can be indefinitely refined as it is readjusted to the target. If and when international tensions relax, it will be appropriate to foster evolution rather than subversion. The goal of victory can and should be pursued with more sophisticated means, but it can never be given up. In any contest there is no substitute for the will to win.

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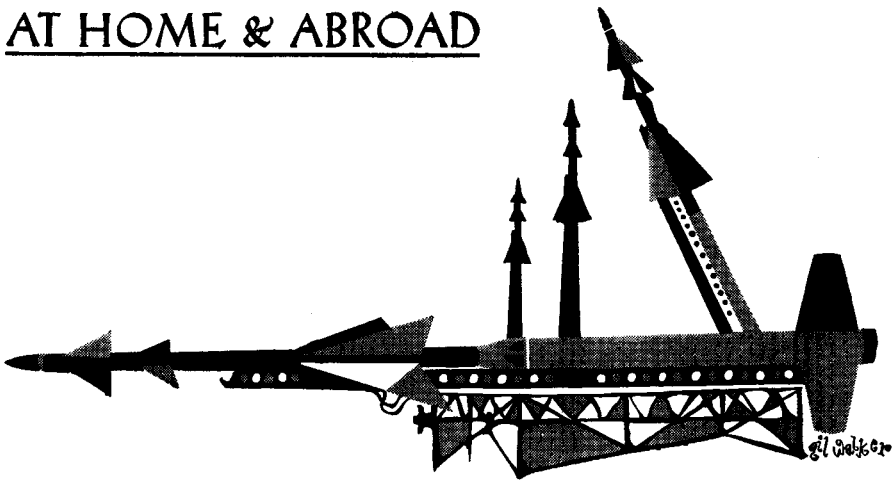

The Politics Of Civil Defense

DOUGLASS CATER

WASHINGTON

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE MCNAMARA, who among Kennedy Cabinet members has had a special way with Congress, met surprisingly little resistance to his effort last month to boost funds for the civil-defense program, which has been transferred in large part to his department. He offered no bright prospects for the program. In the age of the ICBM, he estimated, the warning time before a surprise Soviet attack would hardly be more than fifteen minutes. Fifty million Americans might be killed and another twenty million seriously injured by hydrogen bombs. McNamara's proposal to search out, mark, and provision existing shelter space that would provide protection from radioactive fallout offered the modest promise of saving ten to fifteen million lives.

What impressed the congressmen, however, was McNamara's willingness to take on this troublesome new assignment. When committee members expressed qualms about who would be held responsible, he stated flatly, "So far as the program is assigned to the Department of Defense . . . there is only one person responsible for it, and that is me."

It is a considerable burden that the Secretary has accepted. Ever since its inception six months after the Korean War began, the civil-defense program has provided a case study in the futile efforts of politicians to deal with a problem that was growing increasingly insoluble and irrepressible. Members of Congress have maintained a certain consistency of attitude over the past decade by ruthlessly slashing, on the average, seventy-four per cent of the Executive's appropriation requests for civil defense. Those in the Executive who were responsible responded in the traditional bureaucratic way by restudying the problem.

Few matters have been the object of more scrutiny. It began in the Pentagon soon after the Second World War when Secretary of Defense James Forrestal appointed commissions to examine the implications for the United States of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings. President Truman set up the Federal Civil Defense Administration, which initiated a series of studies that have continued almost uninterruptedly. More recently, both the Gaither Report and the Rockefeller Brothers Report made urgent recommendations in this field.

Each re-evaluation seemed to lead to a new reorganization. Mr. Truman, anxious to maintain civilian control, took civil defense away from the Pentagon planners and created two frequently feuding agencies—the FCDA and the Office of Defense Mobilization—but left prime responsibility to the states and localities. In 1958, Mr. Eisenhower, aware of the approaching age of the ICBM with hydrogen warhead, merged the two agencies and placed them directly in the President's own Executive Office.

Directors and Directions

Neither management nor morale notably improved along the way. Mr. Truman, perhaps in deference to the state and local character of the program, appointed ex-Governor Millard Caldwell of Florida as his civil-defense director, and Mr. Eisenhower kept up the tradition with ex-Governors Val Peterson of Nebraska and Leo Hoegh of Iowa. The program didn't seem to accomplish very much. It suffered further enfeeblement in 1954 when, as the guinea pigs for Federal dispersal, most of the personnel were transferred to Battle Creek, Michigan. There, out of the politicians' sight and mind, they set up business in a former veterans' hospital. (Critics pointed out that Michigan may have been chosen because Republican Senator Homer Ferguson was waging his own battle for survival that year.)

There were still few achievements. Of the more than $500 million spent on civil defense by the Federal government during the last ten years, the one visible result has come from the matching funds provided to communities for purchase of equipment. But, according to an investigation made by General Accounting Office, much of this aid has been conveniently diverted to other more immediate community uses.

Part of the problem has been the inability to agree on a firm plan. Under Caldwell and Peterson, the primary emphasis was placed on mass evacuation of the cities in the event of pending attack. It led to the proliferation of road signs which, proclaiming their obsolescence, still dot the environs of cities all over the nation.

In 1956, after—to use his words—"staring into hell for three years," Peterson reached the painful conclusion that survival in the ICBM age required not evacuation but

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shelters designed to protect survivors of the bomb's blast from the ensuing fallout. His study prepared for Eisenhower reportedly called for a program that would cost between $30 and $50 billion. There was shuddering in the White House, and Peterson soon left to become ambassador to Denmark. His successor, Hoegh, evolved more modest proposals for shelters to be constructed in new Federal buildings (never sanctioned by Congress), as well as encouragement to citizens to engage in do-it-yourself civil defense. By the time the Eisenhower administration left office, it was estimated that approximately fifteen hundred American families owned shelters.

KENNEDY may accomplish something more. If he does, a large share of the credit belongs to a single member of Congress, Chet Holifield (D., California), who has been a lonely agitator for civil defense for a good many years. Holifield's interest in the subject, according to one associate, was first aroused because it was the only way he could get press attention back home in Los Angeles. Whatever the cause, he persisted year after year as chairman of the House Military Operations subcommittee to badger administration witnesses and stage elaborate hearings as a means of stimulating public interest.

This year, Holifield took on added bargaining power with the new administration when he became chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Moving quickly to see that civil defense did not get downgraded among the priorities, he addressed a letter to the White House timed to arrive on Inauguration Day. It spelled out the sad state of civil defense and voiced the hope that Kennedy would consider this in his selection of a new director. Holifield later let it be known that he planned to hold hearings in order to put administration leaders on the spot.

Kennedy's choice for director did little to raise expectations. While not exactly in the lame-duck-governor tradition, Frank B. Ellis, a native of Louisiana who once ran unsuccessfully for the Senate, was best known for holding his rebellious state in the Democratic column last November. Like his predecessors, he was entirely new to the ways of Washington and civil defense.

But there proved to be a difference. A big, bumptious man whose political ambitions reportedly still burn bright, Ellis was not long in trying to make something of his little domain. Accustomed to the politics of Louisiana, he launched a lobbying campaign among press and politicians that was aimed directly at his boss in the White House. He wanted to stage a "revival for survival," he proclaimed with evangelical fervor.

Confronted by the combined efforts of Holifield and Ellis, Mr. Kennedy was also making his own reassessment. On May 25, in his second State of the Union Message to Congress, he outlined plans for a civil-defense program that would triple the pending budget estimates and "increase sharply in subsequent years." Most of the program was to be shifted to the Defense Department, while Ellis's outfit was to be reconstituted as a "small staff agency" to be named the Office of Emergency Planning.

Several reasons underlay this further reorganizing of a much reorganized program. White House staffers had reached the conclusion that OCDM was too bankrupt to be revivified with—or in spite of—its director's exuberant efforts. It was also decided realistically that the Defense Department was more likely to get the necessary funds from Congress. One immediate gain has been the shifting of jurisdiction from Albert Thomas (D., Texas), chairman of the subcommittee on Independent Offices of the Appropriations Committee and an archfoe of civil defense, to the more benevolent jurisdiction of George Mahon (also D., Texas), chairman of the subcommittee on Defense.

'Revival for Survival'

What the new administration has proposed so far is still exceedingly limited, in the view of those committed to a strong civil-defense program. As Holifield's committee warned in a report last year, "Undue reliance on existing structures which afford only modest shielding creates an illusion of security and severely understates the magnitude of the civil defense requirements." Holifield himself favors a $20-billion four- or five-year program for community underground structures. During recent committee hearings, he made clear that he was withholding criticisms of the Kennedy program until he could be sure which way it was headed. Adam Yarmolinsky, McNamara's special assistant temporarily in charge until a new Assistant Secretary for Civil Defense can be appointed, was equally clear in refusing to make any commitments. "This is a first-year program," he declared. "We just don't know enough yet to project a long-range program."

The future is likely to bring more hassles. For one thing, much depends on whether civil defense can win a proper role for itself among the manifold functions of the Pentagon. Despite the vast military budget, there is bound to be a ruthless struggle against any large increment for this nonmilitary operation.

The Joint Chiefs have always shown a monumental indifference toward the whole subject. At last year's hearings of Holifield's Committee on Atomic Energy, General

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Curtis LeMay, now Air Force Chief of Staff, paid lip service to a "reasonable shelter program." But when committee members started talking in dollars and cents, LeMay balked, arguing, ". . . I would rather spend more of it on offensive weapon systems to deter war in the first place."

This year, General Lyman Lemnitzer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, dutifully accompanied McNamara to pledge support to the Kennedy program. But acceptance among the military generally is by no means assured. One point of friction will come when defense planners are faced with the dilemma of whether to go ahead with ICBM sites already scheduled to be built close to heavy population centers. Until now, they have located missile bases purely from the standpoint of convenience, in disregard of the civil-defense hazards being created.

A more immediate conflict may arise over the vestigial powers left to Frank Ellis. Despite the transfer of his agency out from under him, Ellis shows no signs of fading away. He harbors ill-concealed hostility toward the Secretary of Defense for having disposed of his mandate. (In a reporter's hearing, Ellis recently joshed a subordinate who was complaining of insects, "Why don't you pretend they're McNamara and exterminate them?") He interprets his new role as head of OEP not merely to serve as Presidential staff adviser but to act as "co-ordinator" of the program. Reportedly because of Kennedy kindness, he has managed to retain several hundred staff members to help him with this co-ordination.

Listening to Ellis, one gets an earful about the coming "revival for survival." He hopes to make a flying trip to Rome to enlist the Pope's efforts, along with those of Protestant leaders. The churches, he points out, are the logical place to spur a civil-defense movement, since Christians don't believe in suicide. He considers that failure to build a shelter is just as much an act of self-destruction as putting a pistol to one's head. To buttress the church movement, Ellis also wants to send out a hundred million pamphlets, using income-tax rolls for his mailing list, exhorting citizens to build home shelters.

Amid the exhortation, one can detect signs of Ellis the politician still at work. During a recent interview, he abruptly broke off an impassioned pitch to make a telephone call to the Under Secretary of Agriculture. It seemed that the people of Lake Charles, Louisiana, would like to get one of the emergency grain-storage depots. Would the Under Secretary see what he could do about this little favor?

ULTIMATELY, it will be up to President Kennedy to set the pace and the tone of civil defense. He must weigh a number of conflicting judgments. Even a minimal effort to construct new shelters, whether of the community or the government-subsidized home variety, will run into billions of dollars. It raises basic questions of how the nation allocates its resources between sword and shield in an era when the shield offers at best only feeble protection.

Another argument made in the high policy councils is that an all-out effort in civil defense might have an unfavorable impact on enemy and allies alike by seeming to signal the imminence of war. The trouble is that the Soviets have kept secretive about whatever efforts they are making.

So far, Kennedy has shown understandable caution. In his May 25 message to Congress, he made a special point of divorcing civil defense from the strategy of deterrence. "If we have [retaliatory] strength, civil defense is not needed to deter an attack," he said. "If we should ever lack it, civil defense would not be an adequate substitute." But pointing out that the concept of deterrence assumes rational calculations by the enemy, he argued that civil defense is justifiable as "insurance" in the event of possible miscalculation. "It is insurance we trust will never be needed—but insurance which we never could forgive ourselves for forgoing in the event of catastrophe."

AS THE EAST-WEST crisis deepens, there is evidence of increasing public concern about the state of civil defense. Measured in mail alone, daily inquiries to Ellis's office have shot up from a hundred and fifty or so during January to almost six thousand in recent weeks. Members of Congress report a similar increase in interest among their constituents.

Clearly, straight talk and a sensible program are long overdue. But the last thing that is needed is a hoked-up effort to panic the public into a "revival for survival."

Britain Joins The Common Market

GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD

LONDON

AFTER YEARS of on-again, off-again courtship, Britain at long last has formally applied for a license to join the European Economic Community in what is sure to be a more or less argumentative marriage. When announcing the decision to the House of Commons on July 31, Mr. Macmillan displayed the rather artificial verve typical of the die-hard bachelor. Moreover, he broke the news well aware of widespread misgivings that the proposed match was really a shotgun wedding, with President Kennedy's hand on the trigger and General de Gaulle demanding too high a dowry for Europe. Yet, for good or ill, the British government has made up its mind. What of the British people?

The dozens of public-opinion samplings taken since the debate started in earnest nineteen months ago seem to agree on only one thing: that more Britons favor than oppose joining the European Six (France, West Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg), *provided* Britain's interests and those of the

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Commonwealth would somehow be safeguarded by such a step. But the Common Market issue—involving as it does British nostalgia for the Empire, the British people's love-hate attitude toward the Continent, and their fears about their present economic troubles and their future political role—is simply too vast and too intricate to be reduced to percentages.

Patriotism and Pay Checks

There is the reaction of the ordinary workingman, which combines the maximum of emotion with the minimum of knowledge but is none the less significant for that. Then come the views of the various vested-interest groups, which show little emotion, a lot of specialized knowledge, and a generous measure of self-interest. Finally, there are the molders of opinion—the politicians, journalists, economists, and bureaucrats—who have produced most of the theories on the subject and a surprising amount of the idealism. Crisscrossing all these groups, and influencing all their opinions whether for or against, run the tough strands of national pride and prejudice, of which loyalty to the Commonwealth and plain distrust of foreigners are the most important. This comes out strongly when we analyze the feelings of the "anti-European" camp.

Opponents of the Common Market among the British working classes, for example, seem to combine a mild xenophobia with a strong concern for their pay envelopes. One left-wing intellectual who has done a lot of research in this field told me that, rather surprisingly, it was the Italians who were the main targets on both counts.

"To the average British miner or factory hand," he said, "the Italians not only symbolize a cheap-labor threat from Europe but a supreme menace to hearth and home—the epitome of the Great Continental Lover who will wreak certain havoc among the housewives of Durham and Sheffield. The Germans come second in popular mistrust, but seem to be feared more as ferociously hard workers than as ex-enemies. The clever and calculating French just confuse the average man; he doesn't know what to make of them and probably never will. The rest of the Six really come nowhere. He likes the Dutch but doesn't know much about them. The only Belgian he is really likely to have heard of is not Paul-Henri Spaak but Hercule Poirot, Agatha Christie's detective hero; as for Luxembourg, that exists only in his son's stamp collection."

The vested-interest opponents of the Common Market cannot be accused of knowing too little about Europe. They know plenty of facts and figures. There is the powerful farming community, which fears agricultural competition from across the Channel. The even mightier Federation of British Industries, embracing more than forty-five thousand enterprises, has also expressed reserve, while those specialized industrial sections which see themselves particularly menaced by Continental competition are loud in their complaints to press and Parliament. Prominent among these weak and worried manufacturing groups are Britain's textile firms; its leather, carpet, and toy factories; and its camera and scientific-instrument sections. Even in these vulnerable industries, however, the reactions are often purely personal. There are quite a few "New Elizabethans" who are prepared to sail out again on new voyages of commercial conquest, while others get seasick even thinking about the journey.

In Parliament, resistance to joining the Common Market seems hardest at the left wing of the Labour Party. The Labourites accused the Tories of rushing Britain into Europe as one might rush a patient into the hospital, to try an emergency cure for ten years of their own mismanagement. In return the Conservatives accuse the Labourites of blocking a noble venture out of ideological spite.

There is probably something behind both accusations. But what is really important is the smoke screen of so-called "national arguments" thrown out by this purely domestic political debate to blur the vision of the ordinary voter. Thus nineteen prominent trade-union officials, in a recent public statement, camouflaged whatever personal dismay they felt about their own futures by claiming that membership in the Common Market would be disastrous for Britain's "carefully won wage standards."

A week later, six Labour M.P.s, in another public appeal, played on the Englishman's ingrained distrust of Continental politics. Britain, they claimed, was being asked by Mr. Macmillan "to accept not only economic but political integration with Italy, harassed by overpopulation and unemployment problems; with a divided Germany, seething with bitterness and ideological differences, preoccupied with thoughts of regaining lost territories; and with France, engaged in an internal revolt by its peasantry and external colonial troubles and with no bright record of political stability."

By far the biggest of these emotional complications is, of course, the problem of reconciling Britain's loyalties to the Commonwealth with any step toward a European merger. This is the major stumbling block for the government as well as the highest hurdle for British public opinion. Again, the trouble is that the substance of the issue is often far removed from the propaganda that envelops it.

The simplest and most genuine anti-European arguments come from those Britons for whom the Commonwealth is a dogma of political and social life. With typical calm, one of their spokesmen commented on Britain's proposed match with the Common Market: "We are already married—to the Commonwealth. Does Mr. Macmillan suggest that we should commit bigamy?"

Survival and Realism

Such unruffled traditionalists are, however, comparatively rare. The majority of Commonwealth devotees who oppose any close European ties betray some uncertainty by their very passion and by the type of arguments they resort to. There is, for example, the rhetorical approach, which begs the whole question before the government by demanding simply, "Do we really wish as a nation to turn our backs on our heritage?" Others, particularly ex-servicemen, have a vague but stubborn feeling that, whatever the economic arguments of the case, Britain should not "let the Commonwealth

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down." As the ex-servicemen put it, "They stood by us in 1939."

Among those who are in favor of British membership in the Common Market, there are, as has been mentioned, some genuine "New Elizabethan" idealists who want to "rouse Britain out of its torpor" and perhaps to revive its lost political supremacy through a new role of first fiddle in the European Concert of Nations. But among those who are not given to flamboyant rhetoric, one encounters more frequently the sober, down-to-earth argument that Britain will not survive even as a second-class economic power unless it joins the vast and dynamic experiment being carried out across the Channel. An increasing number of Britons do not need economists to tell them that in 1960 the Common Market's industrial base expanded by eleven per cent, its average gross national product by 6.5 per cent, its external trade by twenty-three per cent. They travel enough on the Continent these days, and they see such statistics for themselves, shining through the bursting shop windows of Paris or Düsseldorf and buttressing the giant motorway projects of Italy. When Mr. Macmillan tells the British that, in order to go on leading the Commonwealth, they must start following Europe, he gets a positive response from the inborn pragmatism of this conservative people.

To those who still hanker after a new Commonwealth charter to solve Britain's economic ills, the "realists" point to the fact that Commonwealth is in unpredictable flux and, on many political issues, in open disarray. South Africa has walked out, and Ghana is too near the Communist world for comfort.

Even in trade, as many British businessmen have learned to their cost, the more advanced Commonwealth partners like Canada have begun to cut Britain's throat on European markets. The only worthwhile future, say the realists, is Europe *plus* the Commonwealth and, eventually, the whole Atlantic Community. Now that Mr. Macmillan has announced that Britain is at last about to join Europe, the majority of the British people are likely to adopt this dream as the most practical course open to them.

Labor's Long Trial In Henderson, N. C.

DOUGLASS CATER

LAST MONTH, the state prison in Raleigh, North Carolina, released a convict on parole who has been on the mind and conscience of a great many North Carolinians. He is Boyd Payton, long a regional director for the Carolinas of the Textile Workers Union of America. As director, Payton had a large role to play in the strike the Textile Workers called in late 1958 against the yarn and thread mills of John D. Cooper, Jr., located in Henderson. It lasted two and a half years and was formally terminated by the TWUA only on June 1 of this year. Meanwhile, Payton, along with seven other union members, had been sent to prison for conspiring to damage Cooper's property.

The question of Payton's guilt—indeed, the broader question of guilt and innocence in this prolonged and violent labor-management conflict—has caused grave disagreement within a state that is one of the South's leaders in industrial progress. Several prominent citizens, including Jonathan Daniels and Harry Golden, have questioned whether Payton received justice. Others, among them the textile manufacturer Spencer Love, whose own mills are non-union, have not questioned the verdict but suggested that justice be tempered with mercy.

The trial involved at least two men now prominent in the Kennedy administration: Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg, as chief counsel for the AFL-CIO, carried the appeal to the Supreme Court, and Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges, who was governor at the time of the trial, declined to grant a pardon or commutation of sentence. When the present governor, Terry Sanford, reduced the sentences of Payton and the others, making them eligible for parole, he denied that he was disparaging earlier judgments but added: "The Executive is charged with the exercise in the name of the people of an . . . important attitude of a healthy society—that of mercy beyond the strict framework of the law."

The facts of the Henderson case are still in dispute. According to the prosecution's version, in late May, 1959, Harold Aaron, an unemployed textile worker living in a different part of the state, was contacted by a TWUA representative and invited to go to Henderson for the purpose of bombing the plant's boiler room. After some hesitation, Aaron notified an agent of the State Bureau of Investigation, then proceeded on his mission. He met with three or four local union members in a motel room that had been duly

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"bugged" by the SBI and discussed plans. There was evidently talk of using dynamite and Molotov cocktails. On the night of June 13, three of the union men met at an agreed rendezvous with Aaron and were picked up by SBI agents. Subsequently, Payton and four others were also arrested and charged with being party to the conspiracy.

An Open-and-Shut Case

Against the background of violence accompanying the strike, the outcome of the case was predictable. A special judge appointed by North Carolina's chief justice ran the trial with an iron hand. (At one point, according to the defense appeal submitted to the Supreme Court, he called in the defense attorneys and said, "If you want to be sons of bitches, then I can be a bigger son of a bitch than all of you put together.") Jurors impaneled from a neighboring county had a vivid impression of what had been happening in Henderson, and some had relatives who had taken over the jobs of the strikers in the mills. All eight defendants were found guilty as charged. The judge handed down stiff sentences, with Payton's six to ten years among the stiffest. The Supreme Court of North Carolina upheld the verdict (with one judge dissenting in the case of Payton) and the U.S. Supreme Court declined jurisdiction.

From the defense point of view, the case had several legal loopholes. First, it had been a conspiracy in which no dynamite or other instruments of destruction were found on the men at the time of arrest. Privately, the defense admitted that the men had talked a good game but had never really intended to go through with it. Publicly, the defense attorneys dismissed the tape recordings, which were not admissible in court, as simply the evidence of drunken conversation among embittered men.

More fundamentally, the defense attorneys argued that conspiring with a state agent to do something that he had no intention of doing did not constitute a crime. Aaron's record included jail sentences for offenses ranging from drunken driving to assault with a deadly weapon. (Just recently he was convicted in Virginia for assault and battery in a scrap with another man over a girl.) Only one of the defendants had a police record. (He had been arrested a short time earlier for picketing.) Aaron was paid by the SBI—$1,100 it later turned out—and during the motel-room conference furnished liquor to a group of men who were out of work, frustrated, and susceptible to temptation. There was only Aaron's word as to who initiated the idea of wrongdoing.

Finally, there was no evidence that Payton himself knew what was being cooked up. He had not attended any of the meetings with Aaron. His total involvement, according to the courtroom testimony, was to accept a telephone call from Aaron intended for someone else. Aaron said he identified himself as "the boy from Leaksville," and Payton warned him that the call was passing through a hotel switchboard. That was all. It hardly contradicted Payton's claim that he believed Aaron was simply being hired as a union spy to infiltrate and report on the situation inside the struck mills.

THE COURTROOM DRAMA, with both sides resorting rather doggedly to legalisms, did not tell the real story of what went on in Henderson. The clash of forces that had occurred in this small city near the state's northern border was reminiscent of the industrial strife of an earlier era. More than one man was caught in a situation beyond his control.

Boyd Payton came to Henderson with a good reputation. A Presbyterian elder, Sunday-school teacher, and family man, he was well liked in his home town of Charlotte. He was an international vice-president of the TWUA and had considerable experience in union work. He had once served on an advisory committee appointed by Governor Hodges.

But Payton's experience did not equip him for dealing with John D. Cooper, Jr., who had run the mills in Henderson for the better part of this century. The union representatives who had organized the mills fifteen years earlier always found Cooper a stern negotiator but an honorable one. The union was unprepared for the dogmatic stand he took when the contract came up for renewal in 1958. They had offered to extend it *in toto*, with no boosts in wage or other benefits, but Cooper demanded renegotiation of practically every clause.

In the subsequent recriminations, Cooper claimed that he was prepared to accept the union so long as it accepted the fact that he was boss. He complained about the two locals' eagerness to take disputes to the independent board of arbitrators provided for in the contract and to indulge in technical fine points in winning these appeals. In reply, TWUA representatives argued that arbitrations had averaged less than two yearly, with Cooper winning about as many as he lost. They insinuated that the old man was not really acting as his own boss but was engaged in union busting for a combine of industrialists.

The negotiations, hopeless from the start, bogged down over Cooper's demand for a right to veto arbitration. Reluctantly, the union called the workers out in November, 1958—an ideal time, they pointed out, to help Cooper meet the seasonal slump in the textile market.

It was a quiet battle during the winter months until Cooper announced plans to resume production. On February 16, state highway patrolmen stood guard while fifty-six of the approximately one thousand strikers and an undisclosed number of newcomers answered the plant whistles. Next day, the violence began.

Mayhem and Mediation

During the months that followed, the violence at Henderson attracted nation-wide attention. It was an ugly business, turning neighbor against neighbor and dividing the town into suspicious factions. At one point, Cooper tallied fifty-six acts of violence against his property and employees. Nonstrikers' cars were battered by rocks and brickbats. Acid was thrown on carding machines in the mills. Gunfire shattered plant windows. Most frightening of all, dynamite was exploded and Molotov cocktails set off. Henderson became accustomed to terror.

From the union's point of view, the violence was seen as a series of unreasoned and uncontrollable acts by men and women, most of them with only grade-school educations,

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who had been turned out of their jobs after years and sometimes decades in Cooper's mills. They felt panic when they saw outsiders from as far as sixty and seventy miles away come in by car each day to earn $40 to $60 a week—good wages in a low-income agricultural area.

The objective of the violence, according to the union's view, was to create fear but not actual hurt. Much of the dynamiting went off in open spaces without damage. Considering all the commotion, it was remarkable that so few were injured and no one was killed.

The union men argued that not all the violence was on one side. It was curious, they said, that only the mills' older carding machines had been damaged by acid. Cooper had more to gain than they did by creating conditions that would draw state police to guard his mills. The TWUA posted reward notices alongside management's in the effort to find the culprits.

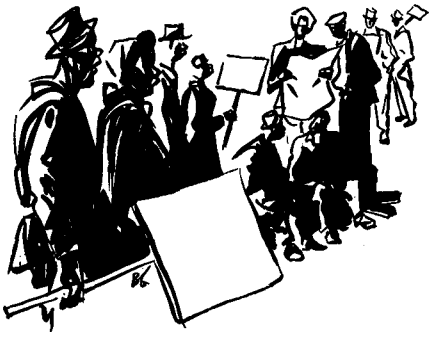
One set of accusations and counteraccusations took a bizarre turn. Late in February, 1959, Payton was hospitalized with a mild concussion; he claimed that he had been assaulted outside his motel room by someone wielding an empty soft-drink bottle. A month later, Payton reported that his car had been forced off the road, and that he had been injured by rocks thrown through the windshield. A wound over his eye required two stitches.

But the same afternoon, North Carolina's Attorney General Malcolm Seawell told the press that Payton had not been attacked at all. He charged that SBI evidence, including the glass from the broken windshield, proved it was a "hoax" perpetrated by the union official himself. SBI director Walter Anderson, a subordinate of Seawell, later voiced the conviction that Payton's earlier beating had also been self-inflicted as a means of attracting sympathy for the strikers.

Payton, offering $10,000 to anyone who could prove a hoax, promptly demanded a retraction from Seawell. When this was unsuccessful, he took legal steps preparatory to filing suit against the state attorney general for slander and defamation of character. Before he could get anywhere, however, the roles were reversed. Payton was under indictment for the conspiracy to dynamite the mill, with Seawell serving as his chief prosecutor and the SBI furnishing the evidence. What it really meant, in the view of the union, was that state officialdom had entered into its own conspiracy with management to break the strike.

IN THEIR angry recriminations, not even Governor Hodges was free from censure. According to the union, Hodges had acted promptly to protect the mills and scabs, diverting so many patrolmen from their customary duties that highway deaths increased notably. He took his time, however, about responding to the union's appeal that he serve as arbitrator for renewed negotiations.

When Hodges did act, the results were scarcely satisfactory. On April 18, 1959, after he had held a series of personal consultations, local newspapers carried a photograph of the smiling, snowy-haired governor, carnation in lapel, holding aloft the hands of Cooper and Payton. Headlines announced, "Pact Ends Bitter Henderson Strike." By the terms, the union agreed to a compromise of the arbitration clause. As a further bitter pill, the newcomers employed by Cooper who had been working the single shift in the struck mills were guaranteed continued job status. Nonetheless, there was jubilation in Henderson next day as



union members voted to accept the pact.

Jubilation turned to shocked outrage and renewed violence a day later when Cooper calmly announced that he had already hired a full complement of workers to man his second shift. Openings for the strikers would be limited to the third shift. This meant jobs for barely a fourth of the more than one thousand men and women who had gone out five months earlier.

After a futile attempt to intercede, Hodges complained that Cooper had misled him "intentionally or otherwise" about the second shift. But he also rebuked the union because of the renewed violence and refused to arbitrate further. Shortly afterward, the governor ordered in several hundred National Guardsmen on whom the state legislature had bestowed civil arrest powers. Within a few days, Cooper reopened his third shift and announced that only thirty-three jobs remained unfilled.

The strike dragged on for two more years while the national headquarters of the Textile Workers poured $1,220,000 into Henderson, and other contributions for relief benefits ran an additional $233,000. But the strike had been broken. In a recent interview, Cooper claimed that he had no difficulty in quickly reaching and surpassing his previous production. A small and chipper old man, he declared that not long ago he turned down a woman striker who had wanted to come back to the job she held since the First World War. He was full up.

Cooper denied that he bore any grudges about the past. He was more deeply vexed these days about the way our government was letting foreign textiles cut into the U.S. market. Was he aware of the State Department's current efforts to negotiate a voluntary reduction of Hong Kong products? Cooper said that he was. Fingering his lapel, he remarked that the silk suit he was wearing had been made in Hong Kong.

'Part of a Pattern'

Labor representatives insist that the Henderson strike has a bigger meaning than Cooper's successful defiance of a remarkably cohesive group of strikers. A recent TWUA report notes, "Cooper's . . . foibles didn't cause the strike. Henderson is not an isolated instance nor are the issues at stake peculiar to Henderson alone. Henderson is part of a pattern. . . ." Tracing the pattern in the South, where more than eighty per cent of the cotton textile industry is now

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located, it concludes, "In recent years TWUA has spent several million dollars on organization work in the South. The union frankly admits that the few thousands of workers it enrolled were totally disproportionate to the time and effort and money spent."

The catalogue of hardships recited by the union is a long one.

¶ In Charlottesville, Virginia, constant surveillance of organizers and union adherents frustrated four years' effort to form a union at Frank Ix & Sons, Inc.

¶ In Cordova, North Carolina, propaganda attacking the unions for "compulsory mongrelization" was distributed in the plant of Burlington Industries, Inc., the country's largest textile chain.

¶ In Elkin, North Carolina, the organizers at the Chatham Manufacturing Company, not allowed to rent a meeting place in an empty theater, the YMCA, courthouse, or the school auditorium, finally called the workers together in an open field.

¶ In Wilson, North Carolina, the Chamber of Commerce announced publicly that it would "actively fight any attempt by union organizers to bring a union into the local industries."

¶ In Alexander City, Alabama, the TWUA organizer was ordered out of town by the chief of police, beaten by thugs, and kept under the constant scrutiny of a local officer who was fond of saying to the workers, "My gun will belch fire and smoke if I catch anyone joining."

But the most crushing failure reported by the union occurred five years ago in Darlington, South Carolina, when employees of Deering, Milliken & Co. finally voted to have TWUA become their bargaining agent. Stockholders were summoned, and company head Roger Milliken abruptly announced the closing down and dismantlement of a cotton mill that provided the community's largest source of purchasing power. The experience at Darlington, even more than at Henderson, has hung like a pall over the union's organizing campaign in the South.

THE FAILURE is by no means limited to the Textile Workers. Though the AFL-CIO declines to give out statistics, officials admit privately that recurrent efforts to launch an Operation Dixie have been pretty disastrous. In North Carolina, according to the state director, only nine per cent of industrial workers are organized. This is no better than ten years ago, and probably less than at the end of the Second World War. One company after another, union-

ized in the North, has successfully resisted union efforts to accompany its southward expansion.

The more realistic union officials admit that formidable obstacles lie in the way of any breakthrough. First of all, there is the smoldering racial situation, which, though singularly absent from the Henderson strike, serves to divide and disrupt labor's efforts throughout the South. Despite the urgent efforts of the national unions, most locals practice discrimination. Quite apart from bargaining relations, labor leaders cannot hope to help themselves in Southern politics when large numbers of their rank and file are voting unquestioningly for the white supremacists.

More immediate obstacles, they claim, are the laws, Federal and state, that have put labor relations in the newly industrialized South on a completely different footing from the rest of the nation. Taft-Hartley, buttressed by the right-to-work laws adopted by most of the Southern states, has proved an effective instrument for the employer who desires to keep out the union by fair means or foul. As evidence of this, the TWUA reports that during the five years before the passage of the act, it won fifty-eight per cent of its representation elections and later successfully organized over three-quarters of the plants. In the first five years after the passage, the Textile Workers won only thirty-seven per cent of the elections and then were able to organize less than half of the plants.

The evil, the TWUA asserts, is not all in the law. In addressing itself to labor's complaints of unfair practices, the National Labor Relations Board has become so bogged down in procedures and niggling precedents that it has become almost useless. A worker unfairly fired for union activities and obliged to wait years to be reinstated teaches his co-workers a grim object lesson.

In their case against the last-ditch defiance of trade unionism going on in the South, AFL-CIO spokesmen issue a solemn warning. They argue that it is absurd to expect that the region can continue unorganized indefinitely. If democratic and uncorrupted unions like the Textile Workers are beaten back, the vacuum will surely be filled by those like Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters which will be cynical and ruthless in grabbing power. The rumor of prospective moves by the Teamsters is already circulating around North Carolina's capital at Raleigh.

BUT THE North Carolina state AFL-CIO is also making a more positive plea for public support. A recent report of its Committee on Economic Affairs, entitled "How Much Does Opposition to Unionism Cost North Carolina?," contains some startling claims.

It accepts the boasts of North Carolina's rapid industrial growth (new plant investment has been running ahead of every other Southern state). Yet during the past decade, the gap between the average hourly earnings of industrial workers in North Carolina and in the nation as a whole has grown rather than decreased. On the average, the North Carolina industrial worker is paid seventy-five cents an hour less, although his products are apt to sell at national market prices.

Undoubtedly there are many reasons for this disparity. But the AFL-CIO report claims it is also sig-

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nificant that North Carolina's percentage of union membership is the lowest in the South. As the state and the region try to move ahead, the report warns, "There are no democracies which have achieved an industrial society without making room for the labor movement and its contribution. . . ."

A Prisoner Is Released

Reporters are not permitted to interview prisoners in North Carolina, but a short time before his release, Boyd Payton was allowed to answer questions put to him through an intermediary. He stated that he has not been at all embittered by his prison experience. He had passed his time teaching the illiterates among his fellow convicts how to read, an occupation he found highly gratifying. His class was meeting overtime as his release date drew near.

Payton said that he had thought about the union's problems while in prison and had become more deeply convinced than ever that both labor and management need to achieve a new attitude in tackling their problems. There is still a tendency on both sides to approach one another as in the 1930's, with a conviction of inevitable clash. But times have changed. The labor union needs to convince management of its willingness to work for their mutual good. In the textile industry particularly, with its problems of competition and contraction, Payton feels the union, too, had not always shown enough of this co-operative spirit.

Since his release Payton has been working to prepare new evidence in hopes of obtaining a full pardon from the governor. Among other things, the TWUA can offer sworn affidavits from its representatives that subsequent to Payton's conviction, Aaron offered in exchange for pay to forget other incriminating evidence he claimed to have against the union. Coupled with Aaron's Virginia conviction, they argue, this thoroughly destroys the credibility of the state's sole witness.

A perennial optimist, Payton refuses to be downcast about his union's future in the South. In a telephone conversation, he pointed out that only recently the Textile Workers had won an election—the Cone Mills in Salisbury, North Carolina—the first in years. Maybe, he felt, the lesson of Henderson had not been all loss. «»

Behind Russia's Attack On Dag Hammarskjöld

HARLAN CLEVELAND

THE CONTINUING Soviet assault on Dag Hammarskjöld is in effect an admission by the Soviet Union that the United Nations has "arrived" as an effective force in the world. We may take some comfort in seeing confounded, even in a small way, those who claim to be our enemies. But the Soviet reaction to the changed "situation" at the U.N. is less an occasion for western celebration than an instructive clue to Soviet strategy in the months ahead.

When the United Nations was organized in 1945, it was designed for accommodation among the great powers in an atmosphere of consultation with the smaller ones. Power rested in the Security Council, whose five permanent members could veto any important action. That was what both the Soviets and the United States wanted, since it was clearly in the interests of great powers to deal directly with each other if they could. As it turned out, they could not. They needed the spur of world public opinion, applied by the small powers, to undertake international operations reflecting their common concerns.

The most obvious consequence of the shift in emphasis to the General Assembly was the new importance of parliamentary diplomacy. In a large and growing body of sovereign nations, none possessed of the veto, complex devices of parliamentary government became the order of the day. True, the debates, the struggle for votes, the sweeping resolutions seem to have had only a symbolic significance. Beyond this, however, is an important gain: the universal acceptance of that most western of all institutions, parliamentary procedure.

CONTRARY to the predictions of some experts, the United Nations has not degenerated into a powerless forum. Instead, it has developed some remarkably sophisticated means of influencing world events. The General Assembly has acquired a taste for action that the great powers on the Security Council must recognize. For the United States and the United Kingdom this was never a serious problem. France has been less than enthusiastic. But for the Soviet Union the cumulative power of the small nations has become a serious obstacle, both real and doctrinal.

The growing importance of the U.N., combined with rigid application of the one country-one vote principle, increases the difficulty of mobilizing a two-thirds majority in the Assembly for moderate programs, while the presence of "swirling majorities" in the Assembly raises the emotional temperature of debate in the smaller councils. This is notable in the Security Council and the Trusteeship Council, and to some extent in the Economic and Social Council. Nevertheless, the General Assembly's Resumed Session last spring demonstrated that it remains possible, even in a parliament of ninety-nine sovereign nations, to keep action (as differentiated from talk) within bounds.

Despite our well-publicized difficulties in New York during the last few weeks of the session, not a single proposal for action was able to get a two-thirds majority in the General Assembly over the opposition of the United States.

On the other hand, a two-thirds vote was available for a watered-down Latin-American resolution on Cuba, the financing of the Congo operation, exhortations to the Portu-

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guese on Angola and to the Belgians on Ruanda-Urundi, the recommendation to admit Mauritania, the approval of the plebiscite to split the Cameroon trust territory, and several noncontroversial items, including the Soviet-American agreement to defer General Assembly discussions on disarmament.

Thus the more irresponsible proposals were defeated and the most necessary actions were taken. The United States was *not* defeated at every turn; the "swirling majorities" were not committed to Soviet leadership. The Soviet attack on the Secretary General got off to an unsuccessful start. Khrushchev's proposal to divide the Secretariat into three offices, each with a veto, has found no really effective support.

The future of the United Nations is encouraging on the whole. Nearly every major subject in international politics today has to be handled not only in bilateral diplomatic channels but also in the multilateral channels of international organization. In this way the United Nations has become a world news center rivaling, and on some subjects outranking, the traditional news centers of London and Washington.

The United Nations and other international organizations are developing a capacity to take executive action on behalf of the world community. The United Nations Emergency Force continues in the Gaza Strip. The Congo Force has twice been built to twenty thousand men, and the field staff is convincing Congolese leaders that the best way to avoid having the U.N. mix in their affairs indefinitely is to co-operate with it in the short run. United Nations technical aid and "pre-investment" funds are being used to better effect in more countries than ever. Observers and committees are keeping alive issues (such as Hungary and South-West Africa) that otherwise might be forgotten by the world's conscience. U.N. "presences" are providing indispensable counsel to newly developing leaders in nearly a dozen newly developing countries.

The unnoticed lesson of this year's events is the great potential importance to our national interest of these international operations. The Kennedy administration inherited three prime trouble spots: the Congo, Laos, and Cuba. Of these three, we have had to move backwards or sideways on Cuba and Laos, where no international field operations have been developed. In the Congo the U.N. presence has enabled us to move forward (by fits and starts, to be sure) precisely because the world community can "intervene in the name of non-intervention" while a single nation, however powerful, cannot.

The development of the United Nations' ability to act has now become a prime goal of American foreign policy.

A Soviet Setback

When the Congo operation was begun by Security Council direction last year, the Soviet Union found its freedom of action severely curtailed by the opinion and pressures of the vast majority of the United Nations. The Soviets' only hope of penetrating the Congo lay in a bold move spearheaded by Communist advisers and diplomats in the Congo. When the large Soviet Bloc contingent was expelled from the Congo while Premier Khrushchev was en route to the United Nations headquarters, this hope dwindled fast. The Russians realized that the collective strength of the United Nations constituted a portentous threat to their global plans for indirect aggression.

As things turned out, the position of the Soviet delegation on the Congo was a most unhappy one. It first voted to provide the Secretary General with troops and civilian administrators in the Congo. Then in mid-September, after Communist representatives had been thrown out of Léopoldville and Patrice Lumumba had been dismissed as premier, the Soviets proposed the removal of all U.N. troops from the Congo. In the Security Council they had to use their veto to temporarily postpone a defeat on this proposition. Caught in a vise, they found themselves vetoing a resolution introduced by an Asian nation, Ceylon, and an African nation, Tunisia—a resolution that urged the Secretary General to carry out vigorously the earlier resolutions on the Congo that the Soviet Union had supported.

The issue then moved to the General Assembly under the "Uniting for Peace" resolution. Here the Soviets, lacking a veto, faced a dilemma. They didn't want to vote to strengthen the mandate of the Secretary General, on whom they were about to launch a massive attack. But they also didn't want to vote against the Congo operation for fear of offending the Afro-Asian group, which supported it. The final vote on this crucial issue was seventy in favor, none against, and eleven abstentions, mostly the Soviets and their satellites.

The sequel was played out in the Security Council during the first month of the Kennedy administration. The Secretary General thought he needed a stronger mandate to deal with the competing political factions in the Congo and to stop the defection of troops from the U.N. force. In the Security Council debate that followed, Ambassador Adlai Stevenson used his eloquence in support of the Secretary General, while the Soviet delegation tried to weaken the mandate and undermine the office of Secretary General.

Again the Soviets found themselves in a box. They did not want to strengthen the U.N. mandate; but by converting the Congo debate into a crisis of confidence in the United Nations itself, they alienated even their closest Afro-Asian friends. The Secretary General's new mandate cleared the Security Council by a vote of 9-0, with the Soviets abstaining. They were joined only by the French, who have consistently abstained on all Congo resolutions. Only on the issue of the death of Lumumba did the Soviets attract a few non-satellite votes.

Assault on the Secretary General

The antics of Premier Khrushchev at last fall's General Assembly, climaxed by the shoe-pounding incident, can be ascribed to bafflement and frustration. But the proposal for a three-man Secretary General is something else again. It bears further examination.

In a speech before the General Assembly on September 23, Premier Khrushchev formulated his proposals for a tripartite system. He told the Assembly:

"We consider it reasonable and just for the executive organ of the United Nations to consist not of a

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single person, the Secretary General, but of three persons . . . [representing the states belonging to] the military bloc of the Western Powers, the socialist States and the neutralist States. This composition of the United Nations executive organ would create conditions for a more correct implementation of the decisions taken."

Another passage in the same speech received little attention, but it is most revealing of the Soviet attitude toward the United Nations. Khrushchev said:

"Experience of the work of the United Nations has shown that this body is useful and necessary, because in it are represented all the states which are called upon to resolve, through negotiations and discussion, the pressing issues of international relations so as to prevent them from reaching a point where conflicts and wars might break out. That is the positive aspect of the work of the United Nations. That, indeed, constitutes the main purpose of the creation of the United Nations."

In this passage we have the Soviet definition of collective security. It stops with negotiation and discussion.

The reply of the Secretary General was devastatingly simple:

". . . much more is at stake than this or that organization of the United Nations. Indeed, the United Nations has never been and will never be more than a instrument for member governments in their effort to pave the way towards orderly and peaceful co-existence. It is not the man, it is not even the institution, it is that very effort that has now come under attack."

CLEARLY, this issue involves the very existence of the United Nations. The most recent effort to undermine the position of the Secretary General came up during the General Assembly debate on yet another Congo resolution. On April 15, Guinea proposed an amendment that would have replaced the words "Secretary General" by "all authorities concerned." This crude attack on Hammarskjöld was overwhelmingly rejected by a vote of 83-11, with only five members abstaining.

It is difficult to determine how much the Soviet Union's assault on the Secretary General has damaged its pretensions of being the protector of the new nations. The point was driven home in President Kennedy's statement that the United Nations is vital to the smaller nations. Ambassador Stevenson put it this way in the Security Council:

"My own country, as it happens, is in the fortunate position of being able to look out for itself and for its interests, and look out it will. But it is for the vast majority of states that the United Nations has vital meaning and is of vital necessity. I call on those states to rise in defense of the integrity of the institution which is for them the only assurance of their freedom and their liberty, and the only assurance for all of us in the years to come."

THIS THEME was echoed by nation after nation in the discussion that followed. Few of these comments missed the point that the clear intent of the Soviet proposal was to strip the United Nations of its capacity to act. The following comments are typical:

Burma: "Any such course . . . is sure to weaken the Organization itself."

Canada: "A transparent plan to undermine the prestige and authority of the United Nations."

India: "That would mean an abdication of the responsibilities undertaken by the United Nations. If the executive itself is split up and pulls in different directions, it will not be able to function adequately or with speed."

Israel: "We are now asked to create a system of veto power on implementation. . . ."

Thailand: "The only logical course of action that remains open to us is to strengthen the office of the Secretary General as institutionalized in our Charter . . ."

The response to Khrushchev's plan was almost unanimously negative.

If the Russians lost the first round on this issue at the United Nations, they clearly have no intention of abandoning it. Tripartitism has become a watchword of the Soviets in all organizations of the United Nations and elsewhere. They attack single administrators and propose three-headed executives in nearly every intergovernmental conference on almost any subject. They have insisted on the addition of neutral states to the ten-nation Disarmament Committee. At the nuclear test talks in Geneva they have demanded the replacement of the single administrator envisioned for the nuclear test-control organization by an Administrative Council of three members. They will presumably retreat from this exaggerated position before they get through, but first they will no doubt want to exact a handsome payment.

THE SOVIET SETBACK on tripartitism in the United Nations is a source of some comfort. But while the soundness of our own argument may cheer us in long midnight watches of the General Assembly, our solace will hardly contribute to the major foreign-policy objective of improved relations between the Soviet Bloc and the West. To the contrary, if the Soviet argument is really an attempt to sabotage international organizations, it is a cause for grave concern.

Have the Russians written off all forms of international co-operation? Not yet, but there is no doubt that the development of an operational capacity by international organizations, especially by the United Nations, poses a challenge that the Communists have not resolved.

The Soviet Union can decide to reject the substance of international co-operation. But it is unlikely to do so under the cloak of a doctrine as transparent as that put forward in the General Assembly. Or, the Soviet Union can move toward recognizing that in view of the multiplicity of traditions and ways of life in this world, both neutral men and neutral nations are possible—and may even be desirable.

But we, like the Soviets, have some doctrinal homework to do on the executive functions of the United Nations. We must learn not to be dismayed by the invective or dazzled by the rhetoric of parliamentary diplomacy. We must learn instead to apply our power even more effectively in support of the U.N.'s capacity to take executive action. And that means, above all, firm and constant United States support for the man the Soviets are attacking so vehemently.

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An Interview in Sicily

Quest for a Lost Master

LUIGI BARZINI

PALERMO

I FEEL AT EASE here and love it all—the roast swordfish; the subtle and interminable arguments; the implacable sun; the orange groves with their gleaming dark green foliage; the still sea glittering with points of gold from horizon to horizon; the baroque cities; the *gelati* of many colors; the tales of bandits; the tired ancient families in their crumbling palaces; the nervous new men trying to look like Milan industrialists (and managing to, while they keep their eyes shut: their sad and patient brown eyes give them away); the wise, resigned poor; the pitiless knowledge of life; the truths that only Sicilians know or dare speak; the aromatic flavor of the wine; the dignified acceptance of death, any death at any time. I love all this and much more besides, to the point of defending Sicily against Sicilian friends who sometimes accuse their island and themselves of many shameful defects.

I have Sicilian friends who pity my absurd delusions about their island and who casually tell me the terrible and incredibly true stories of their family lives. (One of the reasons for Sicilian writers' success in Italy may be that they simply relate what happened in their own homes or to their relatives: everyone is thunderstruck by the cruel and revealing tales.) Among these friends, I wish I could number the author of *The Leopard,* the late Giuseppe Tomasi, Duke of Palma and Prince of Lampedusa. The trouble is I cannot be sure I ever met him.

Duke of Palma is the family's older title, conferred by the King of Spain on the Tomasi who founded the city of Palma in Sicily. The second title, Prince of Lampedusa, should have struck me had I been introduced. Island fiefs are rare: there is no Count of Capri, Duke of Ischia, or Marquis of Lipari. I know many of the prince's friends and cousins. They say to me: "Don't you remember that evening at the Lanza di Mazzarino? . . . That afternoon at the Principessa di Gangi's. . . . Lampedusa was there. . . . You must have met him."

We must have met at Flaccovio's bookshop, where he went almost every day to browse and look over the new arrivals. It is one of the best bookstores in Europe, with the latest Italian, French, and English books and literary reviews, and writers go there to gossip at the end of the day. It seems impossible that we never met. Still, I cannot recall our meeting. Perhaps the reason is that, modest or too proud, he tried to live without impressing anyone. He says of his great-grandfather (the original of Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, the hero of *The Leopard*), and there is no doubt he is speaking of himself: "People spoke little to him because the cold blue of his eyes, glimpsed between the heavy lids, confused those he was talking to, and he often found himself isolated, not out of respect, as he thought, but out of timidity."

And this is one of the many regrets which *The Leopard* left behind: that when we read the book it was too late to visit its author and remember, seeing him, that we had known him all along; too late to tell him how his only book illuminates Italian history, past and present, as a flash of lightning reveals a landscape; too late to ask him for all the details and the sequels and the anecdotes about the Salina family he could have written but didn't write—and thus prolong *viva voce* the pleasure of reading.

If someone had told me when Lampedusa was alive that he was writing a great book, perhaps one of the masterpieces of Italian literature, I, of course, would have been skeptical. He himself did not suspect it. (How many probabilities are there that a writer, past fifty-five, at his first effort, should write a novel that becomes immediately famous, in his own country and abroad?) When his uncle, the old Senator Marquis Tomasi della Torretta, who had been Victor Emmanuel's ambassador to the court of Czar Nicholas II, asked his nephew what he thought he was doing, scribbling away, filling one copybook after another, he answered: *"Niente. Mi diverto."*

I CALLED ON the widowed Princess of Lampedusa a while ago. She lives in an old house in the Via Butera in Palermo, an insignificant street running behind the splendid palaces facing the sea along the tree-flanked promenade. The little street is like those by which you can walk to the land entrances of the famous palaces on the Grand Canal in Venice: full of peddlers, roaming dogs, rubbish, clothes hung out to dry, half-naked children and mothers calling them, fruits, vegetables, and artisans at work. The way noble families in their grand houses sometimes still live close to the common people is one of Italy's traditions. Like the dialect the aristocrats and the common people still speak (the middle class prefer Italian), it symbolizes the ancient unity of society. The idea of shutting rich and poor

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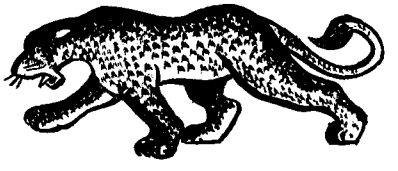
in their separate concrete ghettos is a recent one in Italy.

The house is not the old town palazzo of the Lampedusa family that is described in *The Leopard* as the scene of the ball: "The drawing room was all gold: smooth on cornices, thick on door frames, and repeated in a pale almost silvery damask-like design on the door panels and the shutters which covered and annulled the windows, conferring on the room the look of some superb jewel-case shut off from an unworthy world. It was . . . a faded gold, pale as the hair of Nordic children, determinedly hiding its value under a muted use of previous material intended to let beauty be seen and cost forgotten. . . . On the ceiling the gods, reclining on gilded couches, gazed down smiling and inexorable as a summer sky. They thought themselves eternal: but a bomb manufactured in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was to prove the contrary in 1943."

THE FAMILY SEAT, the Lampedusa palace in the heart of old Palermo, surrounded by narrow and crooked streets, was, in fact, demolished by an American bomb. At the end of the war the prince found himself without a home. He could have bought or rented a new flat in one of the many buildings being erected with the help of the Sicilian government, which look like buildings in Brazil, Lebanon, or India. Instead, he bought, after painful negotiations, the decrepit house on the Via Butera. He told his friends that it was impossible for him to consider living anywhere else.

The house he acquired is what remains of the little palazzo which Giulio Tomasi di Lampedusa, his great-grandfather, the main character in *The Leopard,* maintained for the sole purpose of lunching there occasionally in the summer. From its roof one dominates the harbor. The balconies are fanned by the sea breeze. In the novel, the Prince of Salina brings British naval officers to view the port while fighting is still going on in the streets. It is the house to which the dying prince is taken. Lampedusa could live nowhere else because it was the last bit of Lampedusa walls still standing, the last place in existence connected with his great-grandfather, with whom, as he was thinking of the book he was to write, he increasingly identified himself.

The house was sold in the beginning of the century. It was later divided in half by a great wall which cuts across the courtyard and turned into cheap lodgings. The enormous old door opens now on a narrow *cortile,* cut by the gray dividing wall, pierced here and there by working-class windows. A cold north light falls from the sky, and on the right is a monumental staircase. The day I called on the princess, a decrepit *portinaia* with curly white hair parted in the middle, sitting on a kitchen chair, made a sign for me to go up. She said I would find a door or top, and as I walked up she pulled the chain of a bell twice. It is the way visitors were announced in the old Palermo houses. The doors were all open and people could walk in and up to any apartment, enter any room, unannounced. The porter only rang a warning bell: twice for a man, once for a woman, and once and a half



for a priest, who was considered neither or both.

I went up the silent, dark, and dusty stairway, leaving behind the shouts and cries, of the crowded street. At the top, a door was opened by a bent old manservant who had shrunk within his white cotton coat, making it too large for him. He led me to a library that opened out of the hall. The room was dark, as dark as for a spiritualist's séance. Drawn shutters cut out the noise and the glare of daytime Palermo. On three walls were bookshelves. In the middle of the room stood a large sofa. On it, surrounded by scrapbooks and newspaper cuttings about the success of *The Leopard,* sat the princess.

The princess was all in black and looked vaguely like a necromancer. In the style of the 1920's, she wore a close-fitting black cloche that covered her fair hair and her ears, a black veil, a black coat of light wool that reached to her ankles, and a mink stole over her shoulders. The yellow light from a large lampshade on a table behind her kept her face in the shadow. I saw she was a tall woman, but only when she stood up, at the end of our talk, did I realize she was in fact taller than I. Crouched at her feet was a wasted-looking fox terrier who was too tired to get up and sniff my trousers.

Everything had obviously been prepared for the occasion: the spotless white coat of the manservant, the dark room, the princess's mourning clothes (a widow's weeds last years in Sicily and sometimes all her life), the refreshments on a little table.

The princess's father, Baron Wolf-Stomersee, a nobleman from the Baltic provinces, was a high official at the court of Czar Nicholas II, at Saint Petersburg. He was also the director of the Imperial school where young noblemen were prepared for high positions in the Empire. After his death, her mother married the Italian ambassador, Marquis Tomasi della Torretta, Lampedusa's uncle, and took her daughter, by then a young girl, to the various capitals where they were posted. At the end of the First World War, the young prince of Lampedusa visited his uncle the marquis in London, where he was then the Italian ambassador. He fell in love with the marquis's stepdaughter and married her.

THE PRINCESS was strangely suited to her husband. They both knew many languages and read widely. They both loved erudition. They both were exiles from a courtly and feudal world that had disappeared. They both were equally ill at ease among *délabré* society people and the newly rich, among intellectuals who lacked manners and aristocrats who lacked ideas. They both loved solitude and traveling (which is one way of achieving solitude) as well as they liked old books and a few old friends. Usually they spent their winters in Palermo, where Lampedusa vaguely looked after his interests, and the

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summers in his wife's castle in Latvia, near Riga, before the last war made it disappear behind the Soviet barbed-wire fences. They both belonged to a vanished ghost world.

First of all we talked of Lampedusa the man. During the First World War he had been an artillery officer (in his book he always speaks knowledgeably of horses), was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and deported to Hungary. From there he managed to escape and to reach the Swiss frontier, but was captured a few steps from freedom and sent back to camp. He escaped a second time, almost at the end of the war, when the Austro-Hungarian Army was already disintegrating.

All his life he had bought books. As a child in Paris, on a holiday with his family, he would rush off to the *bouquinistes* on the river bank not far from his hotel with his *gouter* money clutched in his fist, to buy some odd volumes. He especially liked history. About some of his favorite periods (the period of *The Leopard*, for instance, Garibaldi's landing in Sicily in 1860), his knowledge of detail was phenomenal. In his novel everything that can be checked is accurate: the color of the uniforms, the rooms, the smallest event, the weather, and even some conversation.

Literature had always been his devouring interest. He read and reread the ancient authors, the classics in the original text, the great novelists of the nineteenth century. He brought home all the new books as they arrived in Palermo, because he liked to know about the younger writers. Both husband and wife exchanged books and discussed them (almost always speaking French together). In spite of his international tastes, his cosmopolitan erudition, he felt he was above all a Sicilian, a Sicilian nobleman, who like all Sicilians both loved and hated his island, its people, and the noblemen like himself, the many first, second, third, and fourth cousins, all the princes of Palermo.

He disliked being photographed. The only photographs which exist of him are snapshots taken by his adopted son (Giovacchino Lanza di Mazzarino, the present Duke of Palma), who is the model on which Lampedusa patterned the character and the physical appearance of Tancredi. There is only one really good picture of the prince, a head taken after the last war, when deprivations, worries, and hunger had made him lose weight: clearly marked features, fine, suffering lips, a pointed nose, straight black hair parted on one side, swept over a wide forehead, and great black eyes flaming disquietingly in the pale face, giving it the expression of an ironical mystic.

We spoke of Giuseppe di Lampedusa as a writer. "Nothing that has been said in the Italian press about the writers who had been his models and inspiration is true," said the princess. "His favorite book, the one he imagined he was imitating, was *The Pickwick Papers*. He thought he was adopting the plan, the tone, and the humor of Dickens."

Dickens, of course, was not his only inspiration. Tolstoy was always in his mind. Shakespeare, almost inevitably, was the English author he read most frequently. His favorite French writer was Racine. And then there was his love of the nineteenth-century Russian poets, whom he read in the original, occasionally assisted by his wife. The princess says she feels that in the choice of certain words, in a certain way of looking at things or defining them, there is the influence of Pushkin. This may be so. None of the Sicilian writers he has been connected with by Italian critics—Verga, Pirandello, di Roberto, Vitaliano Brancati, for instance—had any real influence on him, she believes.

The sense of incompleteness that the second part of *The Leopard* gives the reader is not due to his illness and premature death but rather to the fact that he lived long enough to go on adding to the part he liked best, the first, almost in spite of himself. Some chapters he later wanted to eliminate, like the one describing the Jesuit's return to his peasant relatives. Others he added while copying his novel in longhand.

The Leopard had fewer sales on the island than in other parts of Italy, and provoked many indignant notices in the local press. "Of course Giuseppe Tomasi told the truth," an elderly journalist said to me. "But was that a nice thing to do? He should have known that one does not wash one's dirty linen in public."

The book was made more interesting because the author, a prince and not an outsider or an adversary, had a real knowledge of what went on in the old families (and being a great writer he also had the means of expressing it). He is one of the few who understood exactly what had happened, on both sides of the barricades. He knew the old world could not be saved. He knew, too, that the new world did not correspond to the dream of its founders. He knew life was not made "better" in Sicily by the transition, but that familiar wrongs were sometimes exchanged for cruel new ones. He was detached and could be truthful because he was above suspicion, since all the greatness, power, and prestige of the princes had vanished together with their fortunes and homes. The old graces, the casual ways, the human habits, the intimate relationship between different classes, had disappeared forever. In the void, nothing lasting had been built. He knew this was the curse of modern Italy. He was one of the first to say so, at the right time, in the right way. The curse is, of course, visible in every aspect of Italian life. It explains the fundamental unhappiness of many Italians in the modern world.

The author's uncle, the Marquis della Torretta, who is now almost ninety years of age, said to me after my visit to the princess, "My nephew described the acceptance of the new Italian life without rancor, querulousness, nostalgia, like a . . ." The old man stopped, embarrassed. He was not looking for a word. He knew what he wanted to say, but hesitated. Then he warned me: "I want to use an improper word, a word that should never be used, an ugly word. . . ." In this age in which shameless things are brazenly printed in novels and newspapers I wondered what terrible term the old ambassador was going to use. He said: "My nephew described these things like a gentleman." "Gentleman" is a hard word for a gentleman to pronounce.

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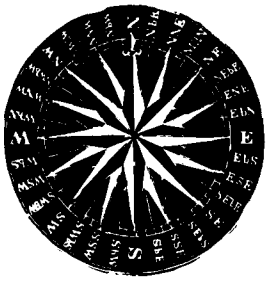

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RECORD NOTES

PRAETORIUS: DANCES FROM "TERPSICHORE." Collegium Terpsichore. (*DGG Archive* 3153, *mono;* 73152, *stereo.*)

Doesn't Michael Praetorius—German composer, organist, and author, 1571-1621—sound dull? I thought so, and played this record with considerable misgivings. But it took less than a minute to realize that Praetorius was far from the crabbed pedant that his name and pedigree suggested. This is some of the most engaging light music ever put on records—full of fresh tunes, sprightly rhythms, and piquant sonorities. The dances, in the French style, are scored for a large ensemble of viols, recorders, lutes, claviers, and percussion; and as performed by the Collegium Terpsichore—a group of eighteen musicians who use modern reconstructions of the old instruments—their vigor and effervescence are irresistible. These young Germans play Renaissance music with spirited enjoyment and not, as so often happens, from a sense of musicological duty. Hans Bergese, in charge of the "rhythm section" (drums, bells, cymbals, and the like), pitches into his work with particular zest and enthusiasm; his wild drumming in the concluding Volte dance is in the Gene Krupa tradition.

The disc also contains dance music by Erasmus Widman (1572-1634) and Johann Hermann Schein (1586-1630), similarly scored and similarly delightful. The recording—especially in widely separated stereo—is splendid, and the total effect is to transport us right into the midst of festivities in a seventeenth-century ducal palace.

BERG: LYRIC SUITE. Juilliard String Quartet. (*RCA Victor LM* 2531, *mono; LSC* 2531, *stereo.*)

Twenty-five years ago, visionary avant-gardists used to insist that in a generation's time the music of Berg and Webern would become as readily assimilable as that of Bach and Mozart. The proposition seemed outlandish then, but it has proved to be valid, and nothing demonstrates it better than the appearance of this record, which brings together Berg's romantic, loose-jointed *Lyric Suite* (1926) with Webern's more classic and aphoristic *Five Pieces* (1909) and *Six Bagatelles* (1913). When RCA Victor gives the nod to Berg and Webern, the music is no longer avant-garde.

How natural these atonal combinations now seem, how cogent the construction, how moving the rhetoric! Somehow, without our even being aware of the change, we can at last savor the beauty of this music and not have to make a conscious effort to "understand" it. Of course, such marvelously precise and buoyantly inflected performances as the Juilliard Quartet gives here help immeasurably to ease assimilation—and so does the vibrant clarity of stereo recording. If you don't believe that your ears are accessible to atonal music, give this record a chance.

RAVEL: CONCERTO FOR THE LEFT HAND. John Browning, piano; Philharmonia Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. (*Capitol* P 8545, *mono;* SP 8545, *stereo.*)

Record critics sometimes seem to take perverse pleasure in favoring performances on extinct 78s or long-withdrawn microgrooves over those on the newest stereo discs. But it is not perversity. Newness, in music, does not always connote progress. Thus, it had always seemed to me that none of the postwar recorded performances of Ravel's magnificent Concerto for the Left Hand could equal the 1938 recording by the pianist Alfred Cortot and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Charles Munch.

Now a version of this concerto has

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come along that matches the brooding power and stunning sweep of that old one, with of course the advantage of infinitely more realistic sound. John Browning, a twenty-eight-year-old American, demonstrates here a masterful grasp of the grand gesture and a sense of dramatic emphasis and glittering bravura such as one rarely encounters among his contemporaries. It is not so much a question of brilliance (every young pianist plays brilliantly these days) as of manner. Browning not only plays the notes precisely but plays them with forthright conviction and expansive purposefulness.

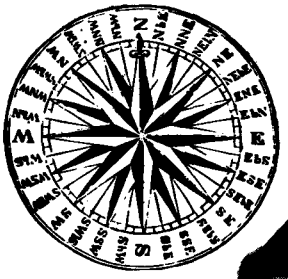
The Prokofiev Third Piano Concerto on the other side also supersedes an old favorite. We no longer need regret the disappearance of the recording by William Kapell; this crisply articulated performance by Browning is just as beguiling, and again the engineering is far superior.

Leinsdorf contributes expertly to the proceedings, and so do the Philharmonia's admirable first-desk men.

STRAUSS: DON QUIXOTE. Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell, cond.; with Pierre Fournier, cello; Abraham Skernick, viola; Rafael Druian, violin. (*Epic* LC 3786, *mono;* BC 1135, *stereo.*)

More of Richard Strauss's many-stranded orchestration is exposed in this stereo recording than in any previous version. The clarity and panoramic spread of the two-channel medium share much of the credit for this, of course, but the razor-edged discipline of Szell's Cleveland Orchestra is more than incidentally responsible. This sharply etched precision holds up even in so richly scored a passage as Variation VII, with its roulading piccolos and flutes at the top, droning double basses at the bottom, and damned near everything else—including a wind machine—in between. Strictly from the standpoint of sonic splendor (assuredly a major attraction in Strauss), this *Don Quixote* outdistances all present competition. Interpretatively, the performance also more than holds its own, though it doesn't quite efface memories of the composer's own delicate and serene reading, which was once issued here by Decca and ought to be made available again.

—ROLAND GELATT



in september

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Sept. 8, is the 120th Anniversary of the birth of Dvorak

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 39

by HENRY ALLEN

A
16 6 10 152 178
A lord in Shakespeare's "King John"

B
32 66 44 156 224
Former President calls his wife? (1,4)

C
48 214 26 12 4 60 140 62
A protective cover of fighter aircraft.

D
184 150 158 2 70 164 192 200 212
Dutch painter, 1606 – 69, "The Night Watch."

E
80 110 222 180
Famous bibliographer and editor; editor of Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, etc.

F
30 114 168 42 20 28 182 160 58 210
Not betrothed.

G
112 146 196 208 206 14 86 18 68 216
To be not so urgent or pressing. (6,4)

H
128 198 74 136 98 220 76
"They are____down and fallen" Book of Common Prayer.

I
34 116 194 166 90 46
"Ex ____ semper aliquid novi." The acrostician knows this well. Proverb from Pliny.

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

■	2 D	3	4 C	5	6 A	7	■	9	10 A	11	12 C	13	14 G	■
16 A	■	18 G	■	20 F	■	22	23	24	■	26 C	■	28 F	■	30 F
31	32 B	33	34 I	35	■	37	38	39	■	41	42 F	43	44 B	45
46 I	■	48 C	■	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	■	58 F	■	60 C
61	62 C	63	64	■	66 B	■	68 G	■	70 D	■	72	73	74 H	75
76 H	■	■	79	80 E	81	82	■	84	85	86 G	87	■	■	90 I
91	92	93	94	■	96	97	98 H	99	100	■	102	103	104	105
■	107	108	109	110 E	■	112 G	■	114 F	■	116 I	117	118	119	■
121	122	123	124	■	126	127	128 H	129	130	■	132	133	134	135
136 H	■	■	139	140 C	141	142	■	144	145	146 G	147	■	■	150 D
151	152 A	153	154	■	156 B	■	158 D	■	160 F	■	162	163	164 D	165
166 I	■	168 F	■	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	■	178 A	■	180 E
181	182 F	183	184 D	185	■	187	188	189	■	191	192 D	193	194 I	195
196 G	■	198 H	■	200 D	■	202	203	204	■	206 G	■	208 G	■	210 F
■	212 D	213	214 C	215	216 G	217	■	219	220 H	221	222 E	223	224 B	■

ACROSS

2. Wilt thou be a mushroom? Not thou!
9. Balzac pere got changed to a native Filipino.
22. Upset the salt; it's added to the coiffeur.
31. Thug's handkerchief is moral, or is it?
37. Cargo that the steamship carries to make sales.
41. Her island's in Scotland and in Southwell, England.
50. Mr. Paley found it in the eel-pot.
61. A favorite of James I, who made him Earl of Somerset. Sounds like American 7 down.
72. This boat requires portages but gets out all the same.
79. Go back, little Georgia, without ire, and get enthusiastic.
84. Louisiana joins Georgia shortly in this celebration.
91. A valet's Russian relations, and not French.
96. The surge that eggs you on.
102. The gear makes you angry.
107. Were the pitcher changed, it would be in the bowl.
116. Pale and deaf.
121. Used by boatswain's mates to pay a visit.
126. Get stuck in the mud when you try to beg off or beg on.
132. Mope about an ode or an epic.
139. Troubles in Will Shakespeare's plays.
144. Top notch for an immeasurably long time. (1,3)
151. There's no B.O. What a blessing!
162. Make 22 Across plural and change for a sovereign.
170. Indian of the Antilles or French or reindeer.
181. Mostly here, but not here either.
187. Dessert for a small company in France.
191. Nears the trap now.
202. An honorarium in a life enterprise may be simple.
212. It's least wild when it's the same before and after tea.
219. Rags and tatters in a bluish-red sheet.

DOWN

3. Is it a mule or a monkey?
5. Where there's this, there's a way. ____ ...Shakespeare.
7. Curtail 61 Across to get this British vehicle's American equivalent.
9. Tire of the Roman way.
11. Apostrophize the Tripolitan ruler, but follow orders.
13. "Ma! He's making eyes at me!" Eyes? or leg?
16. ABC plus RST leaves where flowers may be.
23. Slap bang in the middle of Switzerland.
30. Loosen you or clean you out?
51. ____ Ben Adhem? Almost, when tea's brought on!
55. Years? Yes, but why not ages?
64. An outer work whose angle is made by two 72 Downs.
72. Part ape, but used in fortification all the same.
82. Rings with toothy smiles or signs of mirth.
84. A kind of jib in Italy.
92. A meadow in Little America.
93. A tool with an inclusive sound.
103. In bad odor in Shakespearean title.
104. Turn to the right before H___!
121. Measures (sic), but....
126. This heroine of 153 Down is for sale!
130. Japanese admiral once in the Mikado.
135. Combined with lost identity.
153. Works a rope in the music drama.
163. Sober and remained, I hear.
170. To transfer in space devices.
172. A split, if in right small surroundings.
174. Found in bonnets and what can be estimated.
176. Russia without 144 Across and changed slightly. It's without 162 Across.

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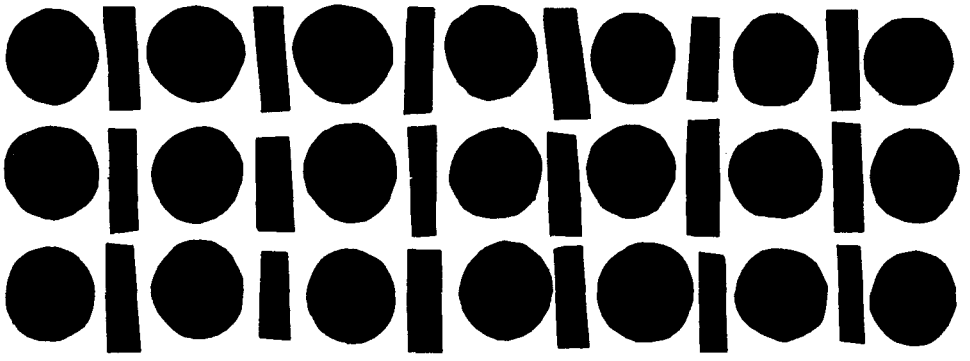

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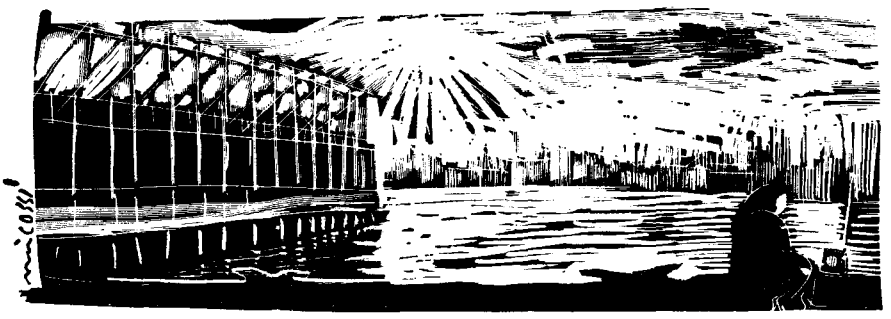
BOOKS



The Way Home

SYBILLE BEDFORD

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH, by Virgilia Peterson. *Atheneum. $5.*

This is not a book that pretends to have no pretensions. It postulates fastidious standards of intellect, conscience, and behavior. It is beautifully written in a heady style of sometimes Proustian richness, lucid, elegant, often hard and swift, that carries off quite brilliantly the multiple complexities of events and meaning (indeed, much of the heart and flavor of the book is in its writing), but in a style also that is open to the pitfalls of its own qualities. This is a mandarin book *par excellence*. It may infuriate many. And whether the author's ability—*not* under a bushel—to write rings around many of her contemporaries, both American and British, will inspire them with admiration or impatience, I do not know. I can only speak for myself, and here I ought to say—and this pendulum reaction may well be a characteristic of this remarkable, in a way unique book—that while through much, through most of it I was deeply absorbed, stirred, admiring, there came points of surfeit and saturation: I became exasperated.

The narrative is in the form of one continuous letter written by the author to her mother, who is dead. Virgilia Peterson explains that she was driven to do this by "an irrepressible need, a high wind of compulsion." It is not for one to quarrel with an artist's choice of form. Yet a letter, a letter to a parent, a parent who is dead, remains a perilous literary device, particularly in a book of any length. While there is doubtless a gain in flow, momentum, unity of voice, it is jeopardized by the artificiality (the irksome intermittent uses of the "you"), the edge of pathos, the one-sidedness, and at last by sheer monotony. The form forces a pitch too constant and too high.

The narrator here explains her life at last to her mother, because the mother while alive had never let her explain, had never understood. "There is no plummet to sound another's soul. . . . There was your view of yourself, and my view of you, and the view of all those who ever touched or hinged upon you, and there was the you . . . the one complete and authorized version of you which, if it existed, could exist only in God. That I did not understand you is small wonder. And this brings me to concede, though concession is as hard for me as it was for you, that logically, historically, indeed inevitably, you could not have understood me. I can only blame you that you did not try."

THE BOOK falls into three parts; the first is called "The Facts of Life" and is laid in New York, where the narrator was born (some years, one gathers, before 1914). Here everything Virgilia Peterson touches springs to life. Childhood, the brownstone house just west of Fifth Avenue, the father "with his unfailingly tempered patience and gentle neutrality . . . his benign unflaunted sense of duty," who was a successful alienist "as it was called in those days," and who was, "like nearly all the best American men I have known, self-made"; the Swedish grandmother; the youthful sister who wrote lyrics about Siamese dancers; the extraordinary character of the mother, dominant, fragile, treacherous, and cultivated, a passionate humanist who once fainted in a mathematics examination, knew Browning by heart, and made the housemaids weep. The mother who was born in the South in a two-room house with a lean-to for a kitchen and had slept through her early childhood in a trundle bed, and who had later resolved "never to lift a tray, cook a meal, wrap a parcel," fetch or carry for herself or anyone else, and who, though set apart from the contemporaries of her society by her genuine awe of scholarship and a remarkably awakened social conscience, was all the same "so good an imitation as to be almost a replica of what we Northerners call a Southern belle," and who is anyhow far too complex to be pinned down here by anything under twenty pages of quotations.

Seeds of discord, seeds of doubt. After childhood, youth, college, dances, the first pursuits of love. "Countless as are the circumstances of temptation . . . I would be hard put to find any more tempting than those within a great formal city stripped down to summer dress. . . . No calculated *mise en scène* of seduction is more sensual than sooty New York when the summer sun is down." So begins and ends one of the many evocative cadenzas that enrich this book.

The second part, "The Time of My Life," opens with another set piece, a (very moving) evocation of Atlantic crossings. The narrator is now in France, a student at Grenoble University; the time is the mid-twenties. (We are given a lovely sense of the clean-swept, carefree heaven to have then been young, American, alive.) The narrator meets the man she calls her true love. He is a fellow student and a Polish prince, an only son with his way to make. What goes wrong now is at least tangible. His parents oppose

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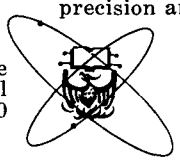

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marriage; so, more mildly, do hers. She goes home; she is wretched; she turns Catholic for her prince; she catches polio, nearly dies, gets cured (dispatched in just over one page); she waits. Not long enough. The prince procrastinates, her mother instills doubt, she loses confidence, and so it became "not impossible to convince myself, when the laughing American, who had sat out an evening with me . . . began dancing serious attendance, that what he offered was not an escape but life itself."

She marries the laughing American who had a job writing advertisements for golf balls and had also written a novel about a Yale man coming of age in a copper mine. The marriage fails, amiably; but it does provide a form of escape into an articulate, permissive life in a mixed and liberal New York society of the depression years. The narrator begins to write professionally; there are new attempts at the pursuit of love. After some years a sign comes from the Polish prince. New hope, new waiting; Reno; reinstatement into the Catholic Church; and finally a quiet wedding in London.

The transplantation of a young American woman, raised as an agnostic humanist liberal, imbued with ideals of social justice and international peace, accustomed to the material comforts of urban America, to an estate in feudal Poland—chocolate-brown paint within; mud, forest-dark and leaden skies without—must have been an overwhelming ordeal. Her husband's family looked on her as an outsider whose first duty it was to slough off her undesirable and irrelevant ideas. Her husband spent his overcrowded days between working hard at running an industrial concern, the estate, politics, family and religious duties, and the shooting of boar and deer. In Poland, the narrator gave birth to two children. When the first of them fell desperately ill, the mother-in-law spoke of the will of God and attributed the baby's misery and pain to its mother's not having prayed enough. Virgilia Peterson describes what she saw—the chauvinism, the killing poverty, the dirt, the hand-kissing peasantry, an upper-class admiration (until the nick of summer, 1939) for Adolf Hitler

and his works. Yet she blames herself for judging, for harking back to American ways and ideas, for not recognizing that the Polish way was "rooted in the soil of an ancient tradition"; she blames herself for having wrecked her marriage by not having pressed herself harder into the mold of the mute Polish-Spartan wife, for having made emotional demands on her husband, for having actually asked for more of his time (he was always off to meetings, to Warsaw, to Paris, to Vienna, to night clubs), for having shown her need of his support.

In taking on and harping about this guilt, Virgilia Peterson is doing herself less than justice. For the shining note of hope occasionally sounded by her book is a very American belief in certain of the universal values. So one can say that American values and the narrator as an American individual come off very well indeed. If the book has a hero, it is the narrator's father, a man who when young was able to put into his diary: "Will I ever become a good man? Nothing else would be enough." It was these values that man's daughter took with her to Poland. When the Germans came, the narrator, her children, and her husband—who like the rest of the Polish ruling class had been fighting hard in the war they had done nothing to prevent—managed to escape.

THE THIRD and last part of the book is laid once more in New York. The husband joins the U.S. Army and eventually returns to the theaters of war. The narrator is trying to support herself and her two small children, but becomes partly dependent on her mother (her father is now dead), who exploits the financial dependence. She writes her first book, *Polish Profile* (a very good account), begins a career of lecturing and broadcasting. Unhappy relations with the mother, strain, money tussles, loneliness, and betrayal by a friend mark that period. There is one more—very discreetly handled—pursuit of love. After the end of the war, her husband lingers in Europe; when he at last returns to the cramped apartment, they are estranged. This situation—lack of money, lack of space, of freedom, a divided heart—endures for five years. Growing children and the Catholic impasse on divorce (all the protagonists now are Catholics) block an exit. Finally the narrator's attempt at suicide brings—we are not told how—a solution. On the last page the mother is dead.

It is this part which to my mind is the least satisfactory. Perhaps it is because the author was not able to transmute so well the still concurrent present as she was able to transmute the past. Her New York of the 1920's reads like history written by an artist; her well-written denunciation of the market place of the 1950's reads like a well-written denunciation. Perhaps the book sags simply because we are no longer told enough; the flow of comment has become almost entirely abstract. The author may be surprised to hear a charge of reticence leveled against her, but here it is. Too much is withheld. Too much merely hinted.

Perhaps the diminishing return is inherent in the method of the book itself—the high tone, the triple reference, the grand style, by the very intensity of their effect can remain effective only for a given time; beyond, reading becomes like listening to a symphony composed entirely in andante movements. I do believe that the book could have gained immeasurably by cutting, by planning it, ruthlessly, as a shorter book. Yet one must not carp. If there be flaws, they cannot impair for long the reverberating impact of the book as a whole. It is a work of stature—original, bold, and serious; its theme is no less than an inquiry into the human condition.

In her preface, Virgilia Peterson asks, "While the book was in process, I often waked at night to wonder why it should be of such overwhelming moment to me to expose and explain myself." Perhaps her readers will answer that the compulsion behind the overwhelming moment was the impulse of art.

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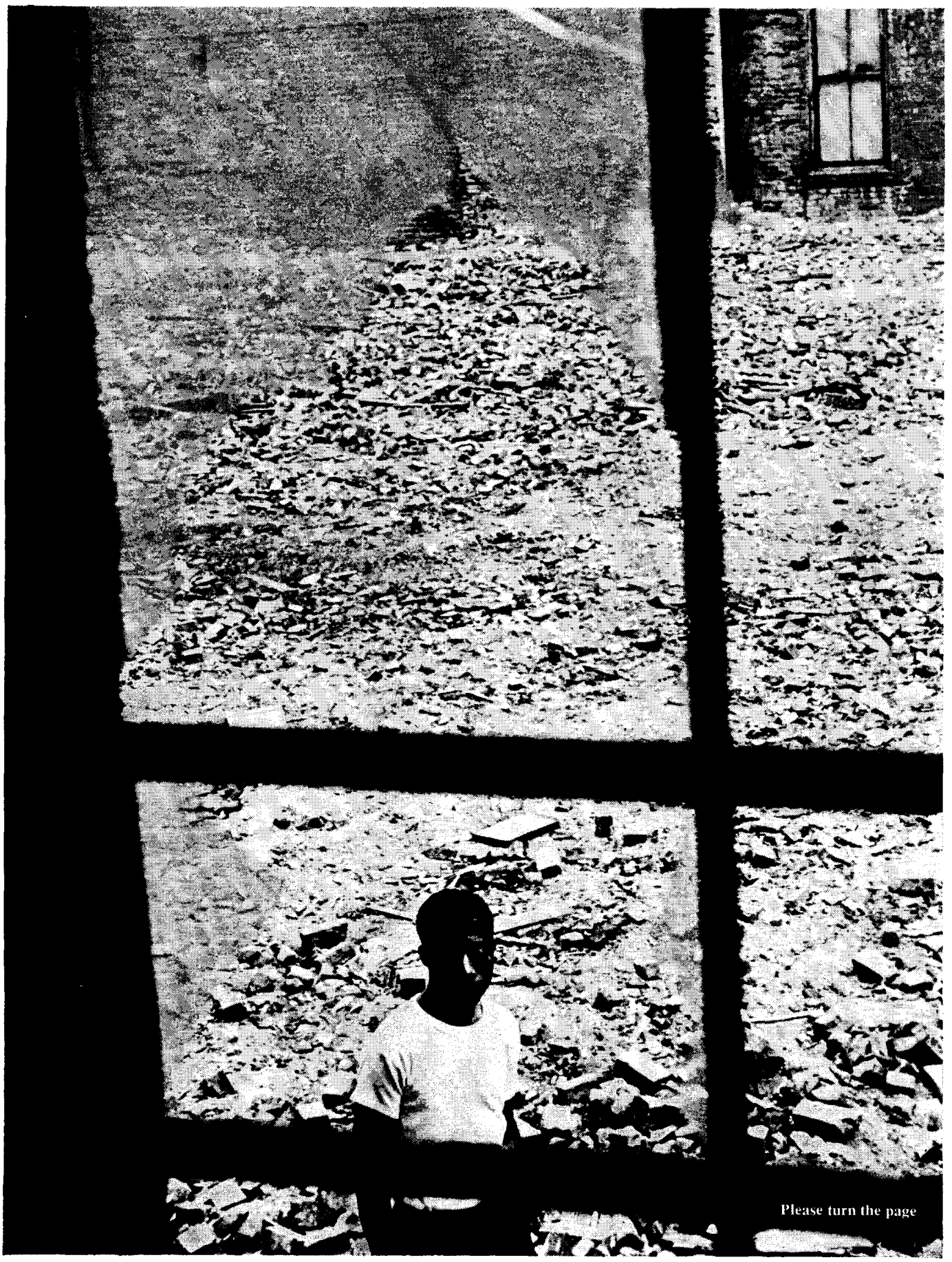

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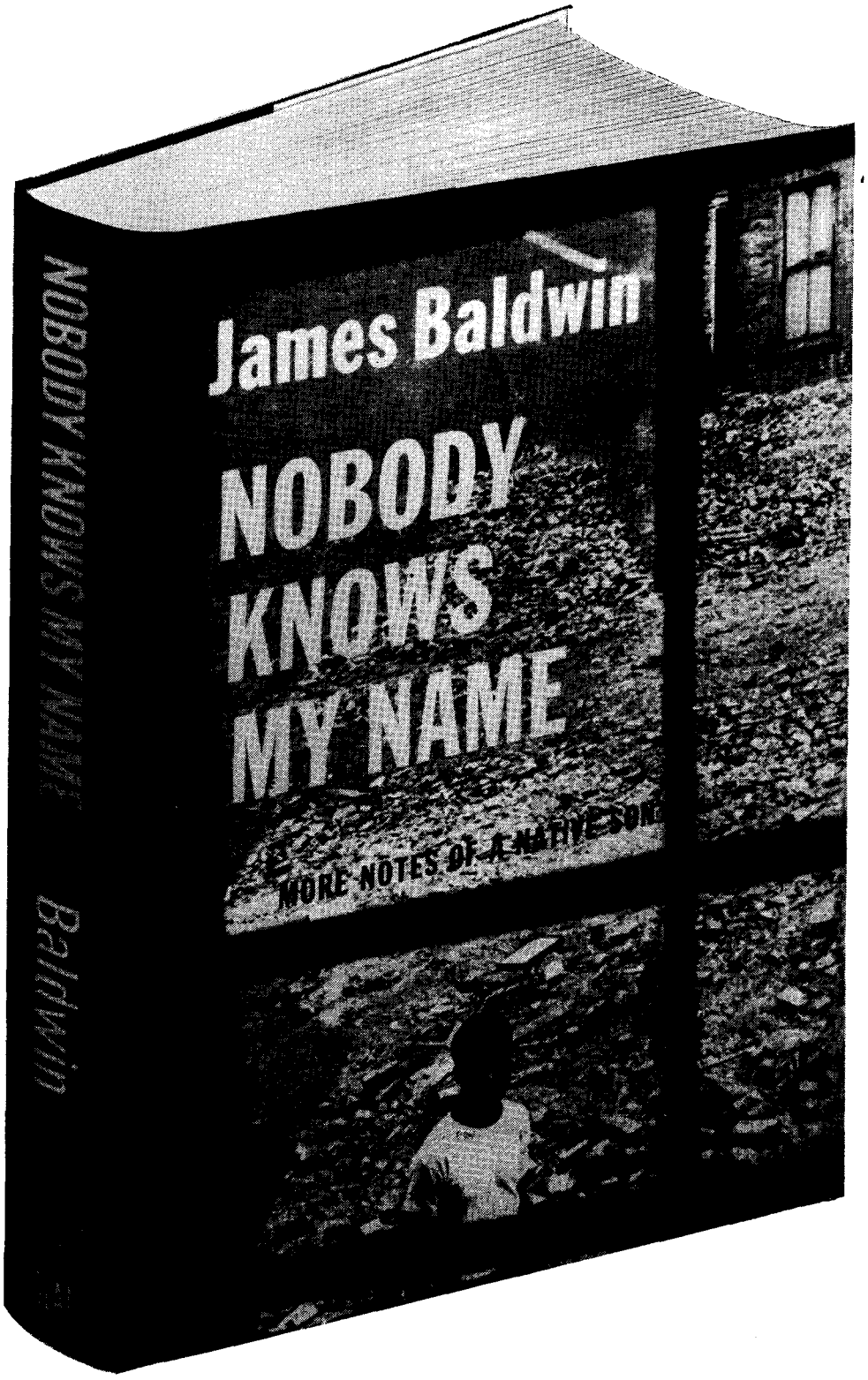

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Bullfighter in the Academy

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

SELECTED ESSAYS, by Henry de Montherlant. Edited and with an introduction by Peter Quennell. Translated from the French by John Weightman. *Macmillan. $5.*

When Henry de Montherlant was elected to the French Academy last year, he was, as a special favor and at his own request, excused from the usual formality of announcing his candidature. Many of his immediate elders—Jean Cocteau, André Maurois, Jules Romains—already wore the embroidered green uniform, but they had gone through the formalities, including the deadly visits to the living members. Of the more remote generation of giants, only Paul Valéry had been admitted the first time he knocked; Claudel had lost out to a nonentity and then returned years later, Proust had died too young, and Gide had refrained from knocking. Alone of his age group, which includes Aragon, Giono, Jouhandeau, and Malraux, Montherlant was spontaneously *invited* to sit among the Immortals. But, even before reaching the age of sixty, he had seemed eminently eligible for the Academy: as novelist, essayist, and dramatist, he had lived for his writing and produced more than forty published volumes.

Many articulate Frenchmen had seen him as the greatest living writer of France. Gide had spoken of his "undeniable authenticity," and Camus had been stirred by his essays. Romain Rolland and Louis Aragon, both Marxists, declared him to be as thoroughly French as one could possibly be; and Malraux saw him as reflecting the same heroic tradition that he himself embodied. Such unanimity is rare enough in France to warrant special handling, particularly for an intellectual whose title of nobility goes back at least to Louis XIV.

HENRY DE MONTHERLANT was born in Paris in 1896 of a family of remote Catalan origin established in France in the eleventh century. In 1914, he went almost directly from his Catholic school to the front. Seriously wounded by shrapnel, he began writing, even before the war was over, of his youth and the excitement of battle. Under various Romantic influences, he aimed to develop his personality to the utmost; turning his back on the unrest of his generation, he asserted himself as the champion of vigor, sport, and health.

His first book, *La Relève du Matin* (1920), with its glorification of adolescence (the one period when man really possesses a soul, according to him, is between the ages of thirteen and eighteen), was followed by *Le Songe* (1922), a semi-autobiographical novel of heroism at the front, and a series of lyric stories and poems singing the beauty of sport, virile energy, and teamwork. In 1925 he fled Paris to seek heroism in cruder countries and crueler climates, spending most of the next ten years in Spain, Italy, and North Africa. There are many advantages, he claims, in cutting yourself off from the world and "placing yourself in a posthumous condition":

"You find out who your real friends are. You find out to what extent your work can stand on its own feet. You see other people doing things and you yourself—although able to do as much—doing nothing: this is a satisfying spectacle. You feel, and know yourself to be, forgotten and this fills you with a mysterious joy; the flattering tongues have ceased to wag and the encircling silence already foretokens the symphonies of eternity. You learn to accept insults from those who know you are too far away to retaliate and, in any case, devoid of social power; soon you approve of such insults, because they are part of the natural order of things; the day comes when you even like them, and perhaps even provoke them. When you come up again after plumbing these depths, you are proof against many things. It is not possible to gain much hold over a man whose ideal is death in life—or at least to be dead to the world, since such a death is, in fact, the true life."

When he did "come up again" he was the author of *Les Bestiaires* (1926, the same year as *The Sun Also Rises*), a vivid novel of bullfighting and sentiment set in Spain, *La Petite Infante de Castille* (1929), and the essays of *Mors et Vita* (1932)—all revealing the youthful, egocentric romantic, proud of being a member of the exclusive Catalan religious brotherhood of Monserrat just as he was proud of being, though a Frenchman, a genuine bullfighter.

But in his novel *Les Célibataires* (1934), written after the prolonged crisis of the "hunted traveler," he abandoned his aggressively subjective attitude to handle ironically a theme remote from himself. The ironic mood also dominated his major series of four novels dealing with love and marriage, from *Les Jeunes Filles* of 1936 through *Les Lépreuses* of 1939 (entitled *Pity for Women* and *Costals and the Hippogriff* when they appeared here a decade ago in a two-volume translation). In France the novels caused a scandal. Was this long epistolary account of a young novelist's dabbling in sentiment and sex intended as a tract against women or against marriage? Montherlant had already written in the foreword to a volume of essays:

"Before 1925, I accepted the idea of getting married for reasons of social propriety or even social interest, and I had been on the verge of this kind of action. Now it seemed hateful to me . . . . if, as a bachelor, I already found the humbler preoccupations of life a constant nuisance, what would it be like were I a married man? There is a serious way of being philosophically minded, of being religiously minded, and of approaching artistic creation which is incompatible with marriage, at least for certain kinds of men: either my wife would be neglected and would suffer, or the deepest part of myself—my soul—would be ruined, or, more probably still, both would be damaged. Lastly, I wished to remain free to accept any of the possibilities hanging over me: either war, or (if I became a believer) the total form of the religious life, or (in the absence of religious belief) still greater austerity—or again, other, new adventures. In short, I realized in time the madness of

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Acrostician—

THOR HEYERDAHL

forging new bonds for myself, when I had set out to achieve detachment."

YET, despite the clamor caused by each of Montherlant's books in turn and their attendant success, despite his rather late and dazzling fame in the French theater, beginning with *La Reine Morte* at the Comédie-Française in 1942 and continuing with at least ten plays since then, Henry de Montherlant remains but little read and little known in England and America.

Is he "too French" for our taste? Hardly, for the French themselves don't know what to think of him, except that they agree as to his eminence, saying that, unlike some others, he *deserves* to be in the French Academy. Rather, the paradoxes of his complex personality upset our criteria of judgment. What can we make of an avowed unbeliever who remains a Catholic obsessed with problems of faith (and describing his attitude toward Catholicism as "that of the Mediterranean towards its beaches, now caressing and now retreating. Or, like a cat biting and licking at the same time"); of an ascetic who glorifies the life of the senses, claiming that "the act of carnal possession gives the strongest possible conception of what is called the Absolute"; of a Frenchman who fights in the Spanish bull ring; of an aristocrat who often ridicules nobility and hereditary privilege; of a solitary who consistently extols human brotherhood; of the chief spokesman for the modern cult of early youth who nevertheless "spits on" the self he was between seventeen and twenty-seven; of an intense patriot whose severity toward his country has occasionally made his fellow Frenchmen suspect his loyalty; of a victim of the First World War who permanently maintained himself ready for the next war and rushed to the front in 1939; of a highly successful dramatist who claims to despise the theater as a sort of Punch and Judy show or "the tumbling of clowns"? To these, as to other apparent contradictions in his ideas and behavior, Henry de Montherlant gives an answer in one of his early essays:

"The good life always depends on a balancing of contrary forces, such as the ancients symbolized in Mercury's wand, which consists of two hostile serpents rocking together in love and between them supporting the winged branch. The reason for this is simple; Nature sets us the example. Nature, within herself, makes night alternate with day, heat with cold, rain with drought, calm with tempests; and, within bodies, fasting and food, activity and sleep; but no one argues from this that Nature is incoherent or that her variety leads to confusion. Like her, I refuse to make a choice. I wish to enter ever more completely into the universal law of alternating rhythms and the divine interplay of compensation; to put it in the language of my times, I wish to be effective in all directions. It is a pedantic conception to see the yea and the nay in opposite camps and wearing different coloured jerseys, like football teams."

IT MIGHT be argued that the French should be as upset by the paradoxes of Montherlant as we are. But they have all his work readily at hand, to recall or consult, whereas we have been offered but samplings and at infrequent intervals. Weidenfeld & Nicolson in London and Macmillan in New York have now embarked upon a uniform edition of his works, and for the first time we have a collection of his aggressively independent, occasionally maddening essays written between 1918 and 1955 as "an introduction to their many-sided author's point of view." Skillfully selected by Peter Quennell and admirably translated by John Weightman, they preserve in English that haughty, astringent, almost frightening insolence which makes French critics constantly refer to his *ton royal* and his *grandeur*. What he says of Saint-Simon's style in one of his few purely literary essays applies directly to his own:

"But he had the instinct, the antennae of a master-writer, and that is why his style is not dated, like that of authors who adopt a fake peasant or a fake popular speech. It is characterized by a staying power, a verve, a venomousness, a hypersensitivity and a sheer pleasure in the writing which in themselves would be enough to give it life, that is to ensure its success."

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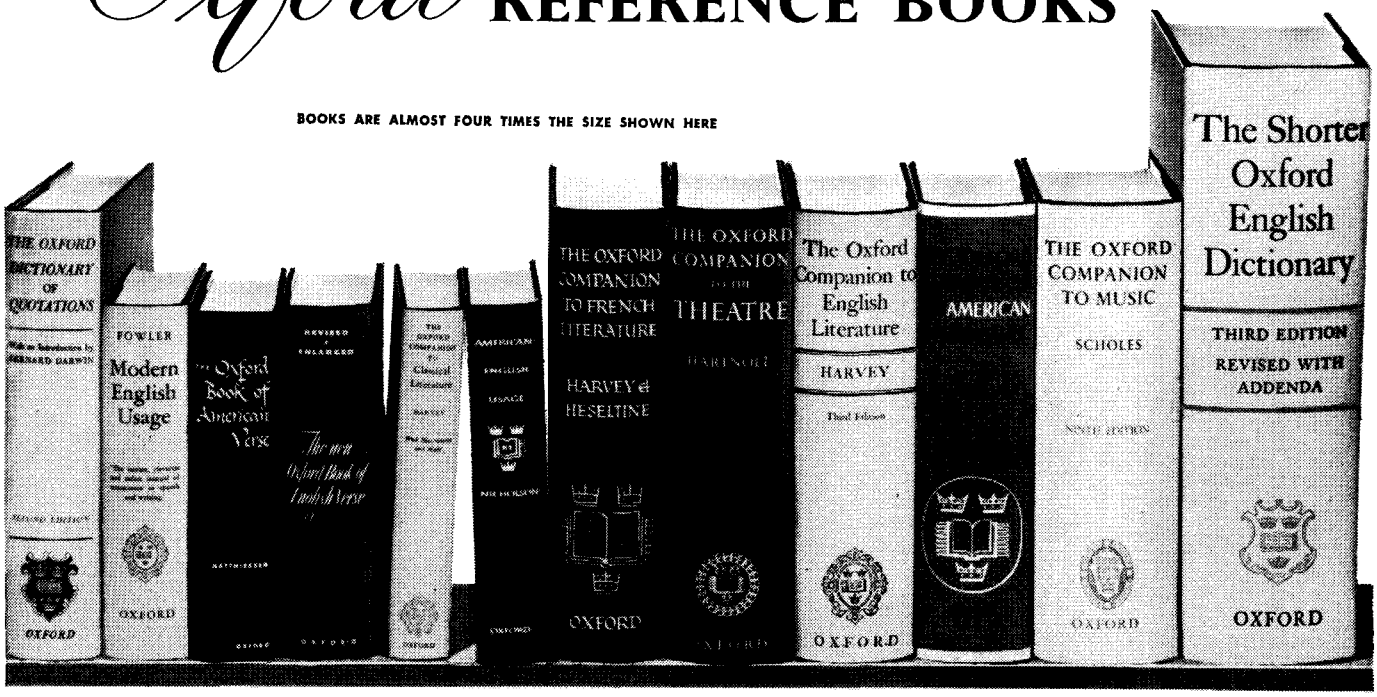

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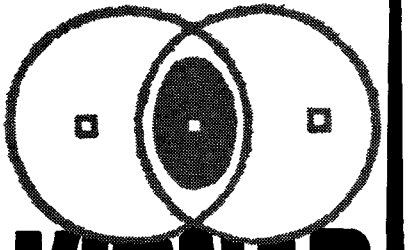

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LOUIS M. LYONS

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMAN, by Bernard A. Weisberger. *University of Chicago Press. $4.50.*

It is a hard time to be writing the history of the American newspaperman, difficult to avoid a pattern of decline and fall. From the subversive pamphleteer of the eighteenth century to today's syndicated columnist, the American newspaperman has historically been an individualist. But now the newspaper has become almost as standardized as our other mass-market staples. Even the columnist whose personality is used to flavor our salt-free editorial pages is a commercial product of syndication. Hardly an editor's name is known today, only the big publishers. Though all reporters have bylines, they are just part of the format, and syndicated fixtures and wire copy leave little space for staff writing anyway; nor is much desired beyond routine.

MR. WEISBERGER is aware of all this as he moves from the heroic days of the independent editors, past the muckraking reform of great reporters, through the swashbuckling, rowdy competitions for massive circulation, to the flatlands of modern journalism. But he refuses to accept this bleak scene as the end product of newspaper history. Nor does he despair of a press largely fashioned to market acceptance, which has compromised conscience for circulation and diluted substance with trivia for merchandising success: "A new American newspaperman may yet emerge, wielding some unforeseen cost-cutting mechanism, reaching for some as yet unsuspected audience, shouting, shaping, innovating, and carrying on the traditions of a calling which, all in all, has had many things to boast of."

The historian's optimistic determination that his history shall not come to a dead end is unsupported by his grim recital of the current con-

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ditions of publishing. It was a great story to tell until the current chapter, and Mr. Weisberger tells it with the zest of one who appreciates the flamboyance as well as the dedication of the old-time editors. This is an informed and sophisticated account of the changing role of the press through the changing patterns of our society, in which it has been both a factor and a result, making its impact on the needs of the day and also conditioned by them.

The period when the press enjoyed its greatest vitality was the half century or so after it became independent of political parties, before the rise of mass advertising turned it into the handmaiden of marketing. This period—which may roughly be defined as that between the Civil War and the First World War—also saw the rise of the city; and Mr. Weisberger relates the decline of the newspaper's hold on its readers to the dispersal of its readers through the suburbs. The problem of the big-city paper is to recover a vital relation to its community, which means "develop a distinctive character. Return to a more honest and direct relation to the reader. Throw away the 'bushel basket' idea. A newspaper does not have to be all things to all people."

In its heyday of energy, in the early 1900's, the newspaper launched crusades but seldom paused to see them through. The best reporters turned to magazines, just as, a generation later, foreign correspondents turned to books in order to be able to say all that newspaper limitations excluded. The newspaper was inhospitable to explanation and interpretation of world conditions. So the American people were caught by surprise in two world wars. "The nature of reporting," Mr. Weisberger notes, "had helped create a paradox in which the American people had more information of world affairs than ever before, yet seemed no more capable of understanding them." This condition clearly did not end with the period he describes.

Mr. Weisberger applauds the discipline of objectivity American journalism developed. But he shrewdly observes that this very quality trapped the press when McCarthy exploited it. He feels that most journalists are still bemused in this dilemma and are even more entangled in the pervasive pressagentry of modern business and government, so that it becomes almost impossible to separate independent investigation from planted information. The more sophisticated readers assume that any news beat is really a leak.

Of course Mr. Weisberger makes the familiar exceptions of a few distinguished newspapers and concedes that great editors have been the exception in any time. Yet there can be no doubt that the press has fallen upon thin times, despite the fact that our city rooms are staffed with more able and dedicated reporters than ever before. It is not only that television has stolen the glamour of journalism. The bland demands of blanket coverage of the market have institutionalized everything about the newspaper. This is journalism's albatross.

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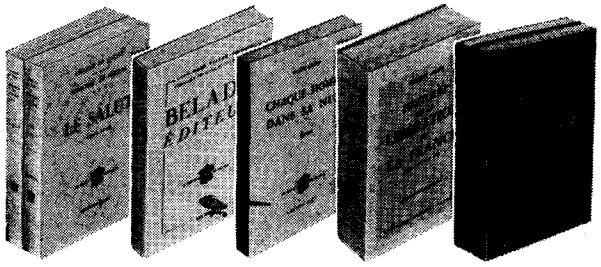

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WILLIAM LETWIN

THE NEW MILLIONAIRES AND HOW THEY MADE THEIR FORTUNES, by the Editors of the Wall Street Journal. *Geis. $4.95.*

How-to-do-it books have now reached maturity. In this, the latest and best of them, the authors teach a really valuable art, and in a refreshing and imaginative style. The subject is not how to strip antique furniture or speak colloquial Arabic, but the grave and universal matter of how to make money, much money, fast. And instead of passing out dry-as-dust recipes, so abstract that if the reader could understand how to apply them he would not need to be told them, the editors of the *Wall Street Journal* have put their lessons into the shape of fourteen charming parables. Readers will be so entranced by these fables that they may not notice the morals, which the editors, unlike Aesop, refrain from stating explicitly.

The rules for becoming a millionaire are actually few, and some are easy to follow. It does not matter where you are born; Europe will do, or any part of the United States, though it will help somewhat to grow up in a small town. Your father should never have been wealthy, or if he ever was, then he must have lost all his wealth in the Great Crash; should you have inherited money, choose some other goal. In fact, your chances of doing well are somewhat better if you were orphaned at an early age. Start anywhere, but start with nothing or as close to it as you can get.

Education is irrelevant: some millionaires have higher degrees, some ran away from grade school. Military service is a slight handicap, but if fight you must, choose the sea. Of the New Millionaires, twenty-nine per cent were in the Navy—half of them pilots (transport or observation)—whereas only seven per cent are veterans of the Army. Age makes little difference, within reasonable limits; anything between thirty-four and fifty-nine will do. The contest is open to nearly everyone.

It is very important to choose your field wisely. Go into old, established industries, but avoid head-on competition. Don't make anything more modern than a mousetrap, but make your mousetrap better, or if no better, different. In the words of the assistant to one of the New Millionaires, Winston J. Schuler of Marshall, Michigan: "A good steak is essentially the same anywhere; it is things like the bread and relishes which make the difference."

You can succeed pretty well in either manufacturing or in service industries, but while real-estate dealings will get you five or six or seven million and public relations only a bit over one million, producing photocopy equipment will put you at the head of the list. Builders earn twice as much as bakers, and renting trucks is twice as profitable as selling cars. All the stories show, however, that you can save more by avoiding taxes (lawfully) than you can make by selling goods. It is a wise man who knows that the more corporations he owns, the lower his income and the higher his capital gains; or as Peter Kanavos, a Boston real-estate developer, puts it, "The more you subdivide, the lower taxes are."

It is hardly worth mentioning that as you must start out with no money at all, you will have to borrow. This may strike you as difficult, but don't despair: since banks make their money by lending, they need you as badly as you need them; and every loan you succeed in raising will improve your credit standing.

A FEW personal characteristics should be cultivated. Above all, you must be superlatively self-confident. This confidence will make you wealthy, if it is well founded, and the wealthier you become, the greater your self-confidence, no doubt. It also helps to be good-looking, though there again, perhaps, success makes people look good. There is one other important asset. In the words of Ralph Schneider, who founded the Diners' Club: "How do you become a millionaire? I'll give you a hint: Get lucky." For those who aren't sure how to become lucky, the editors of the *Journal* cite a maxim: "The people with the best luck

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usually turn out to have manufactured most of it themselves."

It is much easier to make a million than to learn to live with it. How much money should one spend? Where one millionaire, Samuel G. Rautbord of Apeco, gave up Cadillacs because they cost too much (and adopted instead a Rolls Royce, which depreciates less quickly), another discarded his black Cadillac limousine because being chauffeured in it "made him feel pretentious." Jim Walter, who sells shell houses, drives himself; he would not be "averse to having a chauffeur," but does without because "in Tampa that just wouldn't go."

Should you, like Thomas F. Bolack of Farmington, New Mexico, live in a ten-thousand-dollar town house, keep no servants except a part-time cleaning woman, and eat off blue plastic plates? Or should you own more than one hundred suits, hang Marseilles street lamps upside down as chandeliers for your study, or furnish a Fifth Avenue apartment in such luxury that friends say, "It's like walking on hundred-dollar bills"? The editors unfortunately do not tell which is the best way, but perhaps they mean to say that it does not matter how you spend your money or exactly how many millions you have. Does not Ralph Schneider say: "Really the only difference is that before, I had every problem everyone else had—raising my children, keeping healthy, providing for my family. Today I have all of the same problems except that I don't worry about money."

THESE RULES for getting and spending are surely the soundest now known to science. There is only one important question to which the editors have given no explicit answer. But if we rely, as we must, on the printed record, the answer is: to become a New Millionaire you need not read the *Wall Street Journal*.

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The author defines civil rights as the right of everyone to equality of treatment in accommodations, including employment, education, and housing. He states, "now Americans must still teach one another what it means to be a human being." He concludes with a discussion of current Southern demands for "voluntarism" and "moderation." $6.00

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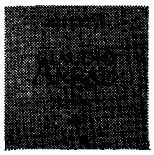

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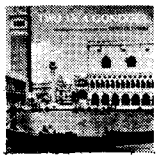

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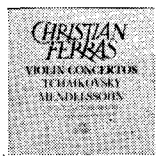

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